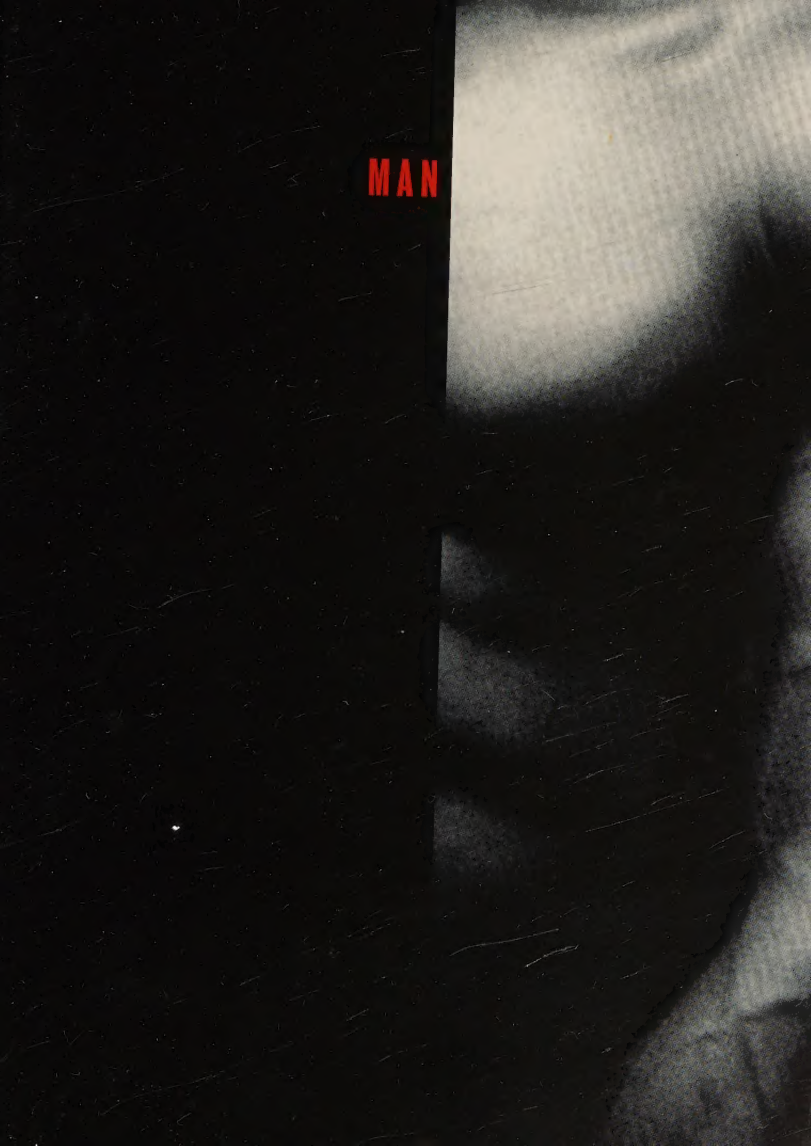
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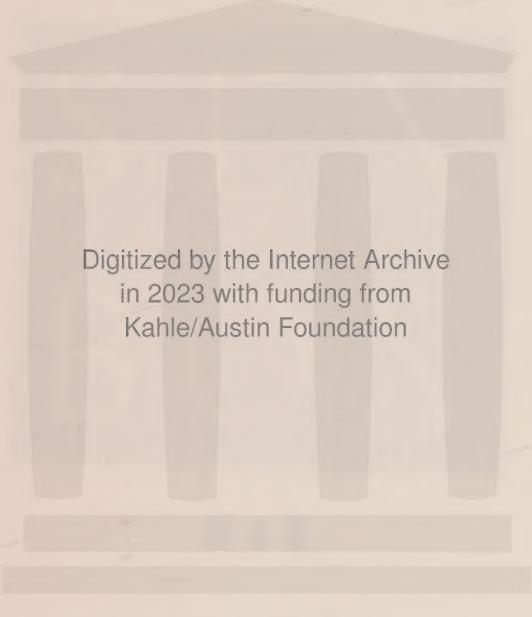
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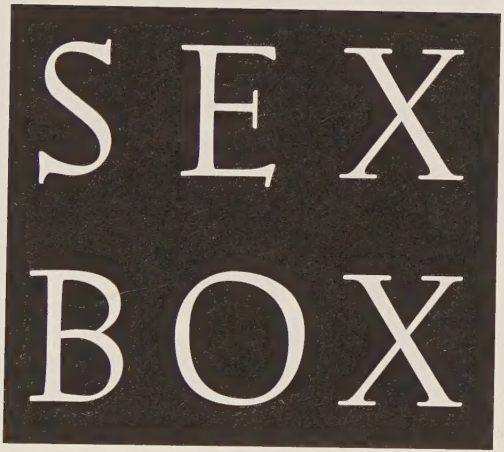

MAN

THE

SEX BOX

MAN

EDITED BY ANONYMOUS

CHRONICLE BOOKS
SAN FRANCISCO

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To my angel, K

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Anonymous

Sulumwoya Spell

[DATE UNKNOWN]

O, her sensual excitement!
O, her erotic swoon!
O, desire, O feminine swoon!
My clasping, thy clasping kindle our erotic swooning!
My embraces, thy embraces kindle our erotic swooning!
My copulation, thy copulation kindle our erotic swooning!
My horizontal motion, thy horizontal motion kindle our erotic swooning!
My horizontal response, thy horizontal response kindle our erotic swooning!

My erotic scratching, thy erotic scratching kindle our erotic swooning!

My erotic biting, thy erotic biting kindle our erotic swooning!

My nose rubbing, thy nose rubbing kindle our erotic swooning!

My eyelash biting, thy eyelash biting kindle our erotic swooning!

Ovid

In Summer's Heat

[22 B.C.]

n summer's heat and mid-time of the day,
To rest my limbs upon a bed a lay,
One window shut, the other open stood,
Which gave such light as twinkles in a wood
Like twilight glimpse at setting of the sun,
Or night being past and yet not day begun.
Such light to shamefaced maidens must be shown,
Where they may sport, and seem to be unknown.
Then came Corinna in a long, loose gown,
Her white neck hid with tresses hanging down,
Resembling fair Semiramis going to bed,

Or Lais of a thousand wooers sped.
I snatched her gown, being thin the harm was small,
Yet strived she to be covered therewithal,
And, striving thus as one that would be chaste,
Betrayed herself, and yielded at the last.
Stark naked as she stood before mine eye,
Not one wen in her body could I spy.
What arms and shoulders did I touch and see?
How apt her breasts were to be pressed by me?
How smooth a belly under her waist saw I?
How large a leg, and what a lusty thigh?
To leave the rest, all liked me passing well;
I clinged her naked body, down she fell.
Judge you the rest. Being tired, she bade me kiss.
Jove send me more such afternoons as this.

Shaykh Umar ibn Muhammed al-Nefzawi

The Perfumed Garden, or Concerning Everything that is Favourable to the Act of Coition

[1500s]

Know, O Vizir (God be good to you!), if you would have pleasant coition, which ought to give an equal share of happiness to the two combatants and be satisfactory to both, you must first of all toy with the woman, excite her with kisses, by nibbling and sucking her lips, by caressing her neck and cheeks. Turn her over in the bed, now on her back, now on her stomach, till you see by her eyes that the time for pleasure is near, as I have mentioned in the preceding chapter,

and certainly I have not been sparing with my observations thereupon.

Then when you observe the lips of the woman to tremble and get red, and her eyes become languishing, and her sighs to become quicker, know that she is hot for coition; then get between her thighs, so that your member can enter into her vagina. If you follow my advice, you will enjoy a pleasant embrace, which will give you the greatest satisfaction, and leave you with a delicious remembrance.

Someone has said:

If you desire coition, place the woman on the ground, cling closely to her bosom, with her lips close to yours; then clasp her to you, suck her breath, bite her; kiss her breasts, her stomach, her flanks, press her close in your arms, so as to make her faint with pleasure; when you see her so far gone, then push your member into her. If you have done as I said, the enjoyment will come to both of you simultaneously. This it is which makes the pleasure of the woman so sweet. But if you neglect my advice the woman will not be satisfied, and you will not have procured her any pleasure.

The coition being finished, do not get up at once, but come down softly on her right side, and if she has conceived, she will bear a male child, if it please God on high!

Sages and Savants (may God grant to all his forgiveness!) have said:

If anyone placing his hand upon the vulva of a woman that is with child pronounces the following words: "In the name of God! may he grant salutation and mercy to his Prophet (salutation and mercy be with him). Oh! my God! I pray to thee in the name of the Prophet to let a boy issue from this conception," it will come to pass by the will of God, and in consideration of our lord Mohammed (the salutation and grace of God be with him), the woman will be delivered of a boy.

Do not drink rain water directly after copulation, because this beverage weakens the kidneys.

If you want to repeat the coition, perfume yourself with sweet scents, then close with the woman, and you will arrive at a happy result.

Do not let the woman perform the act of coition mounted upon you, for fear that in that position some drops of her seminal fluid might enter the canal of your verge and cause a sharp urethritis.

Do not work hard directly after coition as this might affect your health adversely, but go to rest for some time.

Do not wash your verge directly after having withdrawn it from the vagina of the woman, until the irritation has gone down somewhat; then wash it and its opening carefully. Otherwise, do not wash your member frequently. Do not leave the vulva directly after the emission, as this may cause canker.

Sundry Positions for the Coitus

The ways of doing it to women are numerous and variable. And now is the time to make known to you the different positions which are usual.

God, the magnificent, has said: "Women are your field. Go upon your field as you like." According to your wish you can choose the position you like best, provided,

of course, that coition takes place in the spot destined for it, that is, in the vulva.

Manner the first—Make the woman lie upon her back, with her thighs raised, then, getting between her legs, introduce your member into her. Pressing your toes to the ground, you can rummage her in a convenient, measured way. This is a good position for a man with a long verge.

Manner the second—If your member is a short one, let the woman lie on her back, lift her legs into the air, so that her right leg be near her right ear, and the left one near her left ear, and in this posture, with her buttocks lifted up, her vulva will project forward. Then put in your member.

Manner the third—Let the woman stretch herself upon the ground, and place yourself between her thighs; then putting one of her legs upon your shoulder, and the other under your arm, near the armpit, get into her.

Manner the fourth—Let her lie down, and put her legs on your shoulders; in this position your member will just face her vulva, which must not touch the ground. And then introduce your member.

Manner the fifth—Let her lie down on her side, then lie yourself down by her on your side, and getting between her thighs, put your member in her vagina. But sidelong coition predisposes for rheumatic pains and sciatica.

Manner the sixth—Make her get down on her knees and elbows, as if kneeling in prayer. In this position the vulva is projected backwards; you then attack her from that side, and put your member into her.

Manner the seventh—Place the woman on her side, and squat between her thighs, with one of her legs on your shoulder and the other between your thighs, while she remains lying on her side. Then you enter her vagina, and make her move by drawing her towards

your chest by means of your hands, with which you hold her embraced.

Manner the eighth—Let her stretch herself upon the ground on her back, with her legs crossed; then mount her like a cavalier on horseback, being on your knees, while her legs are placed under her thighs, and put your member into her vagina.

Manner the ninth—Place the woman so that she leans with her front, or, if you prefer it, her back upon a moderate elevation, with her feet set upon the ground. She thus offers her vulva to the introduction of your member.

Manner the tenth—Place the woman near to a low divan, the back of which she can take hold of with her hands; then, getting under her, lift her legs to the height of your navel, and let her clasp you with her legs on each side of your body; in this position plant your verge into her, seizing with your hands the back of the divan. When you

begin the action your movements must respond to those of the woman.

Manner the eleventh—Let her lie upon her back on the ground with a cushion under her posterior; then getting between her legs, and letting her place the sole of her right foot against the sole of her left foot, introduce your member.

There are other positions besides the above named in use of the peoples of India. It is well for you to know that the inhabitants of those parts have multiplied the different ways to enjoy women, and they have advanced farther than we in the knowledge and investigation of coitus.

Amongst those manners are the following, called:

1. *El asemeud*, the stopperage.
2. *El modefadâ*, frog fashion.
3. *El mokefâ*, with the toes cramped.
4. *El mokeurmeutt*, with legs in the air.
5. *El setouri*, he-goat fashion.

6. *El loulabi*, the screw of Archimedes.
7. *El kelouci*, the somersault.
8. *Hachou en nekanok*, the tail of the ostrich.
9. *Lebeuss el djoureb*, fitting on of the sock.
10. *Kechef el astine*, reciprocal sight of the posteriors.
11. *Neza el kouss*, the rainbow arch.
12. *Nesedj el kheuzz*, alternative piercing.
13. *Dok el arz*, pounding on the spot.
14. *Nik el koboul*, coition from the back.
15. *El keurchi*, belly to belly.
16. *El kebachi*, ram-fashion.
17. *Dok el outed*, driving the peg home.
18. *Sebek el heub*, love's fusion.
19. *Tred ech chate*, sheep-fashion.
20. *Kalen el miche*, interchange in coition.
21. *Rekeud el aïr*, the race of the member.
22. *El modakheli*, the fitter-in.
23. *El khouariki*, the one who stops in the house.
24. *Nik el haddadi*, the blacksmith's coition.
25. *El mobeundi*, the seducer.

FIRST MANNER—*El asemeud* (the stopperage). Place the woman on her back, with a cushion under her buttocks, then get between her legs, resting the points of your feet against the ground; bend her two thighs against her chest as far as you can; place your hands under her arms so as to enfold her or cramp her shoulders. Then introduce your member, and at the moment of ejaculation draw her towards you. This position is painful for the woman, her thighs being bent upwards and her buttocks raised by the cushion, the walls of her vagina tighten, and the uterus tending forward there is not much room for movement, and scarcely space enough for the intruder; consequently the latter enters with difficulty and strikes against the uterus. This position should therefore not be adopted, unless the man's member is short or soft.

SECOND MANNER—*El modefedâ* (frog fashion). Place the woman on her back, and arrange her thighs so that they touch the heels, which latter are thus coming close to the buttocks; then down you sit in this kind of merry thought, facing the vulva, in which you insert your mem-

ber; you then place her knees under your armpits; and taking firm hold of the upper part of her arms, you draw her towards you at the crisis.

THIRD MANNER—*El mokefâ* (with the toes cramped). Place the woman on her back, and squat on your knees, between her thighs, gripping the ground with your toes; raise her knees as high as your sides, in order that she may cross her legs over your back, and then pass her arms round your neck.

FOURTH MANNER—*El mokeurmeutt* (with legs in the air). The woman lying on her back, you put her thighs together and raise her legs up until the soles of her feet look at the ceiling; then enfolding her within your thighs you insert your member, holding her legs up with your hands.

FIFTH MANNER—*El setouri* (he-goat fashion). The woman being crouched on her side, you let her stretch out the leg on which she is resting, and squat down between her thighs with your calves bent under you. Then you lift her

uppermost leg so that it rests on your back, and introduce your member. During the action you take hold of her shoulders, or, if you prefer it, by the arms.

SIXTH MANNER—*El loulabi* (the screw of Archimedes). The man being stretched on his back the woman sits on his member, facing him; she then places her hands upon the bed so that she can keep her stomach from touching the man's, and moves up and downwards, and if the man is supple he assists her from below. If in this position she wants to kiss him, she need only stretch her arms along the bed.

SEVENTH MANNER—*El kelouci* (the somersault). The woman must wear a pair of pantaloons, which she lets drop upon her heels; then she stoops, placing her head between her feet, so that her neck is in the opening of her pantaloons. At that moment, the man, seizing her legs, turns her upon her back, making her perform a somersault; then with her legs curved under him he brings his member right against her vulva, and, slipping it between her legs, inserts it.

It is alleged that there are women who, while lying on their back, can place their feet behind their head without the help of pantaloons or hands.

EIGHTH MANNER—*Hachou en nekanok* (the tail of the ostrich). The woman lying on her back along the bed, the man kneels in front of her, lifting up her legs until her head and shoulders only are resting on the bed; his member having penetrated into her vagina, he seizes and sets into motion the buttocks of the woman who, on her part, twines her legs around his neck.

NINTH MANNER—*Lebeuss el djoureb* (fitting on of the sock). The woman lies on her back. You sit down between her legs and place your member between the lips of her vulva, which you fit over it with your thumb and first finger; then you move so as to procure for your member, as far as it is in contact with the woman, a lively rubbing, which action you continue until her vulva gets moistened with the liquid emitted from your verge. When she is thus amply prepared for

enjoyment by the alternate coming and going of your weapon in her scabbard, put it into her full length.

TENTH MANNER—*Kechef el astine* (reciprocal sight of the posteriors). The man lying stretched out on his back, the woman sits down upon his member with her back to the man's face, who presses her sides between his thighs and legs, whilst she places her hands upon the bed as a support for her movements, lowering her head, her eyes are turned towards the buttocks of the man.

ELEVENTH MANNER—*Neza el kouss* (the rainbow arch). The woman is lying on her side; the man also on his side, with his face towards her back, pushes in between her legs and introduces his member, with his hands lying on the upper part of her back. As to the woman, she then gets hold of the man's feet, which she lifts up as far as she can, drawing him close to her; thus she forms with the body of the man an arch, of which she is the rise.

TWELFTH MANNER—*Nesedj el kheuzz* (the alternate movement of piercing). The man in sitting attitude places the soles of his feet together, and lowering his thighs, draws his feet nearer to his member; the woman sits down upon his feet, which he takes care to keep firm together. In this position the two thighs of the woman are pressed against the man's flanks, and she puts her arms round his neck. Then the man clasps the woman's ankles, and drawing his feet nearer to his body, brings the woman, who is sitting on them, within range of his member, which then enters her vagina. By moving his feet he sends her back and brings her forward again, without ever withdrawing his member entirely.

The woman makes herself as light as possible, and assists as well as she can in this come-and-go movement; her co-operation is, in fact, indispensable for it. If the man apprehends that his member may come out entirely, he takes her round the waist, and she receives no other impulse than that which is imparted to her by the feet of the man upon which she is sitting.

THIRTEENTH MANNER—*Dok el arz* (pounding on the spot). The man sits down with his legs stretched out; the woman then places herself astride on his thighs, crossing her legs behind the back of the man, and places her vulva opposite his member, which latter she guides into her vagina; she then places her arms round his neck, and he embraces her sides and waist, and helps her to rise and descend upon his verge. She must assist in his work.

FOURTEENTH MANNER—*Nik el koboul* (coitus from the back). The woman lies down on her stomach and raises her buttocks by help of a cushion; the man approaches from behind, stretches himself on her back and inserts his tool, while the woman twines her arms round the man's elbows. This is the easiest of all methods.

FIFTEENTH MANNER—*El kcurchi* (belly to belly). The man and the woman are standing upright, face to face; she opens her thighs; the man then brings his feet forward between those of the woman, who advances hers a little. In this

position the man must have one of his feet somewhat in advance of the other. Each of the two has the arms round the other's hips; the man introduces his verge, and the two move thus intertwined after a manner called *neza' el dela*, which I shall explain later, if it please God Almighty. (See FIRST MANNER.)

SIXTEENTH MANNER—*El kebachi* (after the fashion of the ram). The woman is on her knees, with her forearms on the ground; the man approaches from behind, kneels down, and lets his member penetrate into her vagina, which she presses out as much as possible; he will do well in placing his hands on the woman's shoulders.

SEVENTEENTH MANNER—*Dok el outed* (driving the peg home). The woman enlaces with her legs the waist of the man, who is standing, with her arms passed around his neck, steadying herself by leaning against the wall. Whilst she is thus suspended the man insinuates his pin into her vulva.

EIGHTEENTH MANNER—*Sebek el heub* (love's fusion). While the woman is lying on her right side, extend yourself on your left side; your left leg remains extended, and you raise your right one till it is up to her flank, when you lay her upper leg upon your side. Thus her uppermost leg serves the woman as a support for her back. After having introduced your member you move as you please, and she responds to your action as she pleases.

NINETEENTH MANNER—*Tred ech chate* (coitus of the sheep). The woman is on her hands and knees; the man, behind her, lifts her thighs till her vulva is on a level with his member, which he then inserts. In this position she ought to place her head between her arms.

TWENTIETH MANNER—*Kalch el miche* (interchange in coition). The man lies on his back. The woman, gliding in between his legs, places herself upon him with her toenails against the ground; she lifts up the man's thighs, turning them against his own body, so that his virile mem-

ber faces her vulva, into which she guides it; she then places her hands upon the bed by the sides of the man. It is, however, indispensable that the woman's feet rest upon a cushion to enable her to keep her vulva in concordance with his member.

In this position the parts are exchanged, the woman fulfilling that of the man, and vice-versa.

There is a variation to this manner. The man stretches himself out upon his back, while the woman kneels with her legs under her, but between his legs. The remainder conforms exactly to what has been said above.

TWENTY-FIRST MANNER—*Rekeud el aïr* (the race of the member). The man on his back, supports himself with a cushion under his shoulders, but his posterior must retain contact with the bed. Thus placed, he draws up his thighs until his knees are on a level with his face; then the woman sits down, impaling herself on his member; she must not lie down, but keep seated as if on horseback, the saddle being represented by the knees

and the stomach of the man. In that position she can, by the play of her knees, work up and down and down and up. She can also place her knees on the bed, in which case the man accentuates the movement by plying his thighs, whilst she holds with her left hand on to his right shoulder.

TWENTY-SECOND MANNER—*El modakheli* (the fitter-in). The woman is seated on her coccyx, with only the points of her buttocks touching the ground; the man takes the same position, her vulva facing his member. Then the woman puts her right thigh over the left thigh of the man, whilst he on his part puts his right thigh over her left one.

The woman, seizing with her hands her partner's arms, gets his member into her vulva; and each of them leaning alternately a little back, and holding each other by the upper part of the arms, they initiate a swaying movement, moving with little concussions, and keeping their movements in exact rhythm by the assistance of their heels, which are resting on the ground.

TWENTY-THIRD MANNER—*El khouariki* (the one who stops at home). The woman being couched on her back, the man lies down upon her, with cushions held in his hands.

After his member is in, the woman raises her buttocks as high as she can off the bed, the man following her up with his member well inside; then the woman lowers herself again upon the bed, giving some short shocks, and although they do not embrace, the man must stick like glue to her. This movement they continue, but the man must make himself light and must not be ponderous, and the bed must be soft; in default of which the exercise cannot be kept up without break.

TWENTY-FOURTH MANNER—*Nik el baddadi* (the coition of the blacksmith). The woman lies on her back with a cushion under her buttocks, and her knees raised as far as possible towards her chest, so that her vulva stands out as a target; she then guides her partner's member in.

The man executes for some time the usual action of coition, then draws his tool out of the vulva, and glides it for a moment

between the thighs of the woman, as the smith withdraws the glowing iron from the furnace in order to plunge it into cold water. This manner is called *sferdgeli*, position of the quince.

TWENTY-FIFTH MANNER—*El mobcundi* (the seducer). The woman lying on her back, the man sits between her legs, with his croupe on his feet; then he raises and separates the woman's thighs, placing her legs under his arms, or over his shoulders; he then takes her round the waist, or seizes her shoulders.

The preceding descriptions furnish a large number of procedures, that cannot well be all put into proof; but with such a variety to choose from, the man who finds one of them difficult to practice, can easily find plenty of others more to his convenience.

I have not made mention of positions which it appeared to me impossible to realize, and if there be anybody who thinks that those which I have described are not exhaustive, he has only to look for new ones.

Hippocrates

Orgasm

[400 B.C.]

During intercourse, once a woman's genitals are vigorously rubbed and her womb titillated, a lustfulness [*an itch*] overwhelms her down there, and the feeling of pleasure and warmth pools out through the rest of her body. A woman also has an ejaculation, furnished by her body, occurring at the same time inside the womb, which has become wet, as well as on the outside because the womb is now gaping wide open.

A woman feels pleasure right from the start of intercourse, through the entire time of it, right up until the moment when the man pulls out; if she feels an orgasm

coming on, she ejaculates with him, and then she no longer feels pleasure. But if she feels no oncoming orgasm, her pleasure stops when his does. It's like when one throws cold water onto boiling water, the boiling ceases immediately. The same with the man's sperm falling into the womb, it extinguishes the warmth and pleasure of the woman.

Her pleasure and warmth, though, surge the moment the sperm descends in the womb, then it fades. Just as when wine is poured on a flame, it gives a spurt before it goes out for good.

Neil Jordan

Seduction

[1993]

"You don't believe me, do you," he said, "you don't believe anything, but I've seen her"—and he repeated it again, but I didn't have to listen this time, I could imagine it so vividly. The naked woman's clothes lying in a heap under the drop from the road where the beach was clumsy with rocks and pebbles, her fat body running on the sand at the edge of the water, the waves splashing round her thick ankles. The imagining was just like the whole summer, it throbbed with forbidden promise. I had been back in the town two days and each day we had hung around till twilight, when the hours

seemed longest, when the day would extend its dying till it seemed ready to burst, the sky like a piece of stretched gauze over it, grey, melancholy, yet infinitely desirable and unknown. This year I was a little afraid of him, though he was still smaller than me. I envied and loved his pointed shoes that were turned up and scuffed white and his hair that curled and dripped with oil that did its best to contain it in a duck's tail. I loved his assurance, the nonchalant way he let the vinegar run from the chip bag onto the breast of his off-white shirt. But I kept all this quiet knowing there were things he envied about me too. I think each of us treasured this envy, longing to know how the other had changed but disdaining to ask. We loved to talk in monosyllables conscious of the other's envy, a hidden mutual delight underneath it like blood. Both of us stayed in the same guest-house as last year. My room faced the sea, his the grounds of the convent, the basketball pitch with the tennis-net running through it where the nuns swung rackets with brittle, girlish laughter. We sniffed the smell of apples that came over the town from the

monastery orchard behind it and the smell of apples in late August meant something different to me this year, as did the twilight. Last year it would have meant an invitation to rob. I wondered did it mean the same to him. I concluded that it must, with his hair like that. But then he was tougher, more obscene.

"Look, she's coming out now." He nodded his head sideways towards the chip-shop and I stared in through the dripping steamed glass. It looked warm inside, warm and greasy. I saw the woman coming out of the tiny corridor in which the chips were fried, leaning against the steel counter. Some older boys waiting for orders threw jibes at her. She laughed briefly, then took out a cigarette, put it in her mouth and lit it. I knew that when the cigarette came out its tip would be covered in lipstick, the way it happens in films. When she took the coins from them two gold bangles slipped down onto her fat wrist. There was something mysterious, hard and tired about her, some secret behind those layers of make-up which those older boys shared. I watched them laughing and felt the hard

excitement of the twilight, the apples. And I believed him then, though I knew how much he lied. I believed him because I wanted to believe it, to imagine it, the nakedness of this fat blonde woman who looked older than her twenty-five years, who sang every Saturday night at the dance in the local hotel.

"Leanche's her name. Leanche the lion."

"Lioness," I said, being the erudite one. He looked at me and spat.

"When'll you ever dry up." I spat too. "Here." He held out the chip bag.

I took one. It was like when I came to the guesthouse and he had already been there a day. He stood in the driveway pulling leaves off the rhododendron bush as we took things off the rack of our Ford car. I looked over at him, the same as last year, but with a new sullenness in his face. I hoped my face was even more deadpan. He turned his face away when I looked but stayed still, pulling the oily leaves till the unpacking was finished. Then I went over to talk to him. He said that the town

was a dump this year, that there was an Elvis playing in the local cinema. He said that Ford cars with high backs had gone out since the ark. I asked him had his people got a car yet and he said no. But somehow it seemed worse to have a car with a high back and rusted doors than no car at all. He said "Come on, we'll go to town" and we both walked to the gate, to the road that ran from the pier towards the town where every house was painted white and yellow and in summer was a guest-house.

"Let's go inside" he said, just as it was getting dark and the last of the queue filed from the chipper. "We've no money" I said. "Anyway, I don't believe you." I hoped my fright didn't glare through. "It's true," he said. "The man in the cinema told me." "Did he see her?" I asked. "No, his brother did." There was disdain in the statement that I couldn't have countered.

We pushed open the glass door, he took out a comb as he was doing so and slicked it through his hair. I went over to the yellow jukebox and pushed idly at the buttons "Are ye puttin' money in it son." I heard. I turned and

saw her looking at me, the ridiculously small curls of her hair tumbling round her large face. Her cheeks were red and her dress was low and her immense bosom showed white through it, matching the grease-stains on her apron. "No" I said and began to blush to the roots, "we just wanted to know . . ."

"Have you got the time," Jamie burst in. "Have you eyes in your head," she countered. She raised her arm and pointed to a clock in the wall above her. Twenty past ten.

We had walked past the harbour and the chip-shop and the Great Northern Hotel that were all the same as last year. The rich hotelier's son who had left the priesthood and had gone a little mad was on the beach again, turning himself to let his stomach get the sun now that his back was brown. Jamie told me about the two Belfast sisters who wore nylons and who were Protestants, how they sat in the cinema every night waiting for something. He asked me had I ever got anything off a girl that wore nylons. I asked him had he. He said nothing, but spat on the ground and stirred the spittle with the sole of his shoe.

The difference in the town was bigger now, lurid, hemming us in. I borrowed his comb and slicked it through my hair but my hair refused to quiff, it fell back each time on my forehead, incorrigibly flat and sandy-coloured.

The woman in the chip-shop smiled and crooked her arm on the counter, resting her chin on her fist. The folds of fat bulged round the golden bangles. "Anything else you'd like to know." I felt a sudden mad urge to surpass myself, to go one better than Jamie's duck-tailed hair. "Yeah," I began, "do you . . ." Then I stopped. She had seemed a little like an idiot to me but something more than idiocy stopped me. "Do I!" she said and turned her head towards me, looking at me straight in the eyes. And in the green irises underneath the clumsy mascara there was a mocking light that frightened me. I thought of the moon with a green mist around it like the Angel of Death in the Ten Commandments. I saw her cheeks and heard the wash of the sea and imagined her padding feet on the sand. And I shivered at the deeper, infinite idiocy there, the lurid idiocy that drew couples into long grass

to engage in something I wasn't quite sure of. I blushed with shame, with longing to know it, but was saved by her banging hand on the silver counter. "If you don't want chips, hop it." "Don't worry," said Jamie, drawing the comb through his hair. "Don't worry," I said, listening to his hair click oilily, making for the glass door. "I still don't believe you," I said to him outside. "Do you want to wait up and see then." I didn't answer. Jamie drew a series of curves that formed a naked woman in the window-dew. We both watched them drip slowly into a mess of watery smudges.

We had gone to the cinema that first night, through the yellow-emulsioned doorway into the darkness of the long hall, its windows covered with sheets of brown paper. I smelt the smells of last year, the sweaty felt brass of the seats and the dust rising from the aisle to be changed into diamonds by the cone of light above. There was a scattering of older couples there, there was Elvis on the screen, on a beach in flowered bathing-trunks, but no Belfast sisters. "Where are they?" I asked him, with the ghost of a

triumphant note in my voice. He saved himself by taking out a butt, lighting it and pulling harshly on it. We drank in Elvis silently. Later the cinema projectionist put his head between both our shoulders and said "Hey boys, you want to see the projection-room?" His breath smelt the same as last year, of cigarettes and peppermint. But this year we said no.

Later again I sat in my room and watched the strand, where two nuns were swinging tennis-rackets on a court they had scrawled on the sand. It was ten past nine and the twilight was well advanced, the balance between blue and grey almost perfect. I sat on my bed and pulled my knees to my chest, rocking softly, listening to the nuns' tinkling laughter, staring at the billows their habits made with each swing of their arms. Soon even the nuns left and the strand was empty but for the scrawled tennis-court and the marks of their high-heeled boots. But I watched on, hearing the waves break, letting the light die in the room around me, weeping for the innocence of last year.

We pressed ourselves against the wall below the road, trying to keep our feet from slipping off the large round pebbles. My father was calling my name from the drive of the guest-house. His voice seemed to echo right down the beach, seeming worried and sad. Soon even the echo died away and Jamie clambered up and peeped over the top and waved to me that no-one was there. Then we walked down the strand making a long trail of footsteps in the half-light. We settled ourselves behind an upturned boat and began to wait. We waited for hours, till Jamie's face became pinched and pale, till my teeth began to chatter. He stared at the sea and broke the teeth from his comb, one by one, scattering them at his feet. I spat in the sand and watched how my spittle rolled into tiny sandballs. The sea washed and sucked and washed and sucked but remained empty of fat women. Then Jamie began to talk, about kisses with the mouth open and closed, about the difference between the feel of a breast under and over a jumper, between nylons and short white socks. He talked for what seemed hours and after a while I stopped listen-

ing. I knew he was lying anyway. Then suddenly I noticed he had stopped talking. I didn't know how long he had stopped, but I knew it had been some time before I noticed it. I turned and saw he was hunched up, his face blank like a child's. All the teeth were broken from his comb, his hand was clutching it insensibly and he was crying softly. His hair was wild with curls, the oil was dripping onto his forehead, his lips were purple with the cold. I touched him on the elbow and when his quiet sobbing didn't stop I took off my coat and put it gingerly round his shoulders. He shivered and moved in close to me and his head touched my chest and lay there. I held him there while he slept, thinking how much smaller than me he was after all.

There was a thin rim of light round the edge of the sea when he woke. His face was pale, —though not as grey as that light, and his teeth had begun to chatter. "What happened?" he asked, shaking my coat off. "You were asleep," I said, "you missed it," and began a detailed account of how the woman had begun running from the pier right up past me to the end of the strand, how her breasts had bobbed as

the water splashed round her thick ankles. "Liar" he said. "Yes" I said. Then I thought of home. "What are we going to do?" I asked him. He rubbed his eyes with his hand and drew wet smudges across each cheek. Then he got up and began to walk towards the sea. I followed him, knowing the sea would obliterate his tears and any I might have. When he came near the water he began to run, splashing the waves round him with his feet and I ran too, but with less abandon, and when he fell face down in the water I fell too. When I could see him through the salt water he was laughing madly in a crying sort of way, ducking his head in and out of the water the way swimmers do. I got to my feet and tried to pull him up but his clothes were clinging to every bone of his thin body. Then I felt myself slipping, being pulled from the legs and I fell in the water again and I felt his arms around my waist, tightening, the way boys wrestle, but more quietly then, and I felt his body not small any longer, pressing against mine. I heard him say "this is the way lovers do it" and felt his mouth on my neck but I didn't struggle, I knew that in the water he couldn't see my tears or see my smile.

Gustave Flaubert

Egyptian Belly Dancers

[1850]

CAIRO

'll have this marvelous Hasan el-Belbeissi come again. He'll dance The Bee for me. Done by such a bardash [*a homosexual*] as he, it can scarcely be a thing for babes.

Speaking of bardashes, this is what I know about them. Here it is quite accepted. One admits one's sodomy, and it is spoken of at table in the hotel. Sometimes you do a bit of denying, and then everybody teases you and you end up confessing. Travelling as we are for educational purposes, and charged with a mission by the government,

we have considered it our duty to indulge in this form of ejaculation. So far the occasion has not presented itself. We continue to seek it, however. It's at the baths that such things take place. You reserve the bath for yourself (five francs including masseurs, pipe, coffee, sheet and towel) and you skewer your lad in one of the rooms. Be informed, furthermore, that all the bath-boys are bardashes. The final masseurs, the ones who come to rub you when all the rest is done, are usually quite nice young boys. We had our eye on one in an establishment very near our hotel. I reserved the bath exclusively for myself. I went, and the rascal was away that day! I was alone in the hot room, watching the daylight fade through the great circles of glass in the dome. Hot water was flowing everywhere; stretched out indolently I thought of a quantity of things as my pores tranquilly dilated. It is very voluptuous and sweetly melancholy to take a bath like that quite alone, lost in those dim rooms where the slightest noise resounds like a cannon shot, while the naked kellaas call out to one another as they massage you, turning you over like embalmers preparing you for the tomb. That day (the

day before yesterday, Monday) my kellaa was rubbing me gently, and when he came to my noble parts, he lifted up my boules d'amour to clean them, then continued rubbing my chest with his left hand he began to pull with his right on my prick, and as he drew it up and down he leaned over my shoulder and said, "baksheesh, baksheesh" ["*tip, tip*"]. He was a man in his fifties, ignoble, disgusting —imagine the effect, and the word "baksheesh, baksheesh." I pushed him away a little, saying, "lah, lah" ["*no, no*"]—he thought I was angry and took on a craven look—then I gave him a few pats on the shoulder saying, "lah, lah" again but more gently—he smiled a smile that meant, "You're not fooling me—you like it as much as anybody, but today you've decided against it for some reason." As for me, I laughed aloud like a dirty old man, and the shadowy vault of the bath echoed with the sound.

. . . A week ago I saw a monkey in the street jump on a donkey and try to jack him off—the donkey brayed and kicked, the monkey's owner shouted, the monkey itself squealed—apart from two or three children who laughed and me who found it very funny, no one paid any attention.

When I described this to M. Belin, the secretary at the consulate, he told me of having seen an ostrich try to violate a donkey. Max had himself jacked off the other day in a deserted section among some ruins and said it was very good.

Enough lubricities.

Automedon

Turkish. Belly-dancer. Sexy Tricks.

[90-50 B.C.]

urkish. Belly-dancer. Sexy tricks.
(That quivering! Those fingernails!)
What do I like best? Hands here, here,
Soft, soft, stroking—or better,
Piping that little old man of mine,
Fondling each foldlet, tonguing,
Tickling, easing, teasing,
Then slipping on top, and . . .
I tell you, she could raise the dead.

Vatsyayana

The Kama Sutra

[100]

he ways of enlarging the lingam must be now related.

When a man wishes to enlarge his lingam, he should rub it with the bristles of certain insects that live in trees, and then, after rubbing it for ten nights with oils, he should again rub it with the bristles as before. By continuing to do this a swelling will be gradually produced in the lingam, and he should then lie on a cot, and cause his lingam to hang down through a hole in the cot. After this he should take away all the pain from the swelling by using cool concoctions. The swelling, which is called

'Suka,' and is often brought about among the people of the Dravida country, lasts for life.

If the lingam is rubbed with the following things, the plant physalis flexuosa, the shavara-kandaka plant, the jalasuka plant, the fruit of the egg-plant, the butter of a she buffalo, the hastri-charma plant, and the juice of the vajrarasa plant, a swelling lasting for one month will be produced.

By rubbing it with oil boiled in the concoctions of the above things, the same effect will be produced, but lasting for six months.

The enlargement of the lingam is also effected by rubbing it or moistening it with oil boiled on a moderate fire along with the seeds of the pomegranate, and the cucumber, the juices of the valuka plant, the hasti-charma plant, and the egg-plant.

In addition to the above, other means may be learnt from experienced and confidential persons.

Sam Keen

The Tantric Vision

[1983]

antra, tantric yoga, or kundalini yoga is an ancient philosophy and practice linking sexuality and consciousness that has appeared in widely separated times and places.[1] It has cropped up in different forms in India, Tibet, and Mexico as well as in the writings of the alchemists, in mystical Christianity, and in theosophy. Its central idea, which seems to have occurred independently to a large number of early thinkers and spiritual adventurers, is that the body contains a number (usually seven) of physio-psychic centers that may become suffused by a current of "sexual" energy that leads to an expansion

of consciousness or enlightenment. Although there is a lush variety of symbols in the various traditions, we can identify a common core of beliefs.

In Tantra, as in most forms of sophisticated mysticism, there is a fundamental belief that the human spirit and body are united with the cosmos. It can be stated in several ways: As below, so above; deeper in is further out; the microcosm reflects the macrocosm; every level of the hierarchy of being can be found within man; the human mind is a hologram of the universe.

In the concrete symbolism of religion, this belief is frequently presented in a pictorial way by showing how the human spine, with its seven ascending centers of energy (or chakras), is analogous to the seven-story cosmic mountain—Mt. Meru, Mt. Sinai, or Mt. Analogue. This mountain-spine forms a world pole (*axis mundi*) uniting the lower realms (Hades, the unconscious), middle earth (the everyday world of the ego), and the heavens (the ideal but unseen structures, powers, and presences that underlie and in-form all visible reality). Each of the seven centers of the

body vibrates with its cosmic counterpart. We tune in to different levels of reality.

Physical/mental/spiritual illness results from any blockage that prevents us from communication or resonance. Health is being full-bodied, allowing the entire range of cosmic rhythms and intentions to inhabit and harmonize the various physio-psycho-spiritual systems within the body. The story of how we move from dis-ease to health is identical with the account of the ascent of consciousness and the metamorphosis of eros. We become whole by becoming citizens of each of the seven kingdoms of love.

The tantric consensus is that there is a single primal energy-spirit-consciousness that flows through all the cosmos and informs each person. The path of maturation, enlightenment, or transformation involves allowing this power (which is called kundalini or serpent power in the East) to rise up the spine and infuse each of the centers.

In tantric imagery, the food that nourishes the nervous system during the elevation of consciousness is the semi-

nal fluid in men and the erotic fluids in women. The sexual fluid streams up the hollow channel in the middle of the spine (the susumna) and floods each of the chakras until it reaches the brain, at which point enlightenment occurs, with accompanying ecstasy. As the concentrated energy (called variously prana, chi, holy spirit, libido, or orgone) passes through the chakras, it purifies the body and mind and reunites sexuality and spirituality.

Among some scholars and esoteric aspirants, there is a tendency to take the symbolism so literally that it makes nonsense out of Tantra. Much of the interpretive literature discusses quite seriously whether there really is a channel in the spine through which sexual fluid might rise. Such literalism misses the point. The most valuable thing we may learn from tantric symbolism is a vision of how eros may be transformed, of how sexuality matures, of how desire expands, of how motivation changes, in the course of an authentic life journey.

Consider, for instance, the symbolic meaning hidden in the image of the sexual fluid as the fuel of consciousness.

It is a fact of science as well as an abiding mystery that the intention and history of the entire evolutionary process is carried in the genes and chromosomes that flow together with the union of sperm and ovum. Whatever Nature or God is striving to create through this long drama of evolution is implicit in our drive to reproduce. The sexual organs do respond to the entire symphony of being. There is an intentionality, a telos, a purpose, a meaning, a direction encoded within our quest for pleasure. If we understand eros in its fullest sense, we may discover in sexual experience an impulse that may guide us in the unfoldment of consciousness. Perhaps our deepening desire is our surest path toward the sacred. Why should it be so startling to suggest that the cortex (a late-comer in the evolutionary story) might eventually fully understand the cosmic intention that is programmed into the sexual fluids? (Might the image of the kundalini serpent winding its way up the spine be an intuitive prefiguration of the helix of the DNA?)

We make best use of Tantra if we play with its symbolism. I suggest that the seven chakras are symbols of different stages of life and the philosophies and erotic practices that accompany them. The kundalini symbolism is an early developmental psychology. Each chakra represents an orientation to life that is appropriate to a certain stage of the pilgrimage of the psyche. These stages and their correlation to the progression of consciousness and the transformations of eros suggested in this work are as follows:

1. *Anal chakra.* Symbolizes bonding or possession, being held or grasping.

2. *Genital chakra.* Symbolizes the orientation to life as pleasure, play, and game.

Chakras 1 and 2 are parallel to the psychological development of the child, and the sexual awakening of adolescence. The rebel impulse is not encouraged within Eastern philosophy or culture.

3. *The solar plexus chakra.* Symbolizes the orientation to life as power.

Chakra 3 is parallel to the psychological development of the adult.

4. *The heart chakra.* Symbolizes falling in love with the ideal, romance, passion.

5. *The throat chakra.* Symbolizes purgatory, repentance, eating one's projections.

Chakras 4 and 5 parallel the psychological development of the outlaw, the first love affair with a transpersonal self, and the process of metanoia necessary to free the spirit from the myths, roles, and defense mechanisms that were a part of the adult life with its orientation to power and position.

6. *The third eye chakra.* Symbolizes the single vision.

7. The crown chakra. Symbolizes the homecoming, return of the Bodhisattva to the world, to live by the rule of compassion.

Chakras 6 and 7 parallel the psychological development of the lover, the unitive glimpse, and the return to the world to follow the vocation of the healer.

[1]For more complete information, see Arthur Avalon, *The Serpent Power* (New York: Down Publications, 1974), or Mircea Eliade, *Yoga, Immortality and Freedom* (New York: Bollingen, 1958).

Ernest Hemingway

An Affair

[1952]

I started *The Sun Also Rises* in Valencia on my birthday because I had never completed a novel and everyone else my age had and I felt ashamed. So I wrote it in 6 weeks. I wrote it in Valencia, Madrid, St. Sebastian, Hendaye and Paris. Toward the last it was like a fever. Toward the last I was sprinting, like in a bicycle race, and I did not want to lose my speed making love or anything else and so had my wife go on a trip with two friends of hers down to the Loire. Then I finished and was hollow and lonely and needed a girl very badly. So I was in bed with a no good girl when my wife came home and had

to get the girl out onto the roof of the sawmill (to cut lumber for picture frames) and change the sheets and come down to open the door of the court. Everybody happy at the surprise return except the girl on the roof of the sawmill. All small tactical problems you have to work out.

W. Dugdale, *editor*

The Battles of Venus

[c. 1850-1860]

he Battles of Venus a Descriptive Dissertation of the Various Modes of Enjoyment of the Female Sex, As Practised in different Countries, with some curious Information on the Resources of Lust, Lechery, & Licentiousness, to Revive the Drooping Faculties and Strengthen the Voluptuous and Exhausted. From the French.

The first and most obvious mode of enjoyment was undoubtedly that practised by the generality of mankind, and which is perhaps the most conducive to generation.

To behold the naked body of a beautiful woman *in front*, her juicy mouth, her heaving breasts, her firm pouting belly, will be allowed part of the finest gratifications of a voluptuous fancy; and consequently to feel and enjoy those parts must be ranked amongst the sweetest delights of sensual fruition.

Now, supposing that in the other modes of fruition, a man is in actual enjoyment of the ultimatum in a woman, and experiences emission either in or out of her body, yet he enjoys not that delightful pressure on those parts above mentioned, he feels not that delicious heaving, neither can insinuate his tongue within her warm lips, kiss or suck them, nor catch her ardent sighs created by her convulsive motion.

The next in degree of pleasure to this mode is perhaps that of enjoying her in the rear.

In this species it must be confessed that, besides the pleasure of novelty and variety, the breast and belly of the woman are not unenjoyed by the roving and pressure of the man's hands; and moreover there are certainly two

additional gratifications not known in the former instance, namely, the feeling of her plump, warm buttocks planted in his lap, and the pleasure of handling the delightful mount of Venus, at the same time that he is fixed in, and enjoying it behind.

A woman may be enjoyed by two men at the same time:

The performance would, doubtless, require an extent of parts; but whoever reflects on their proverbial extensive quality, will not doubt of their admitting with ease two guests, after a trial or two, and with sufficiency of natural or artificial lubrication, provided themselves could accommodate their entrance to the convenience of each other.

And in the way above alluded to, I am confident that might be effected. The woman must lie straight, on either side, and the man who attacks her in front must, after entering her, lift her uppermost leg on his buttock. The antagonist in the rear must then accommodate himself to her posture, and glide in likewise.

The men may knock her as hard as they will; so as the woman is careful to keep herself exactly straight, and

not to withdraw from one or the other, their violent shocks will only serve to make her more fixed and steady.

Is the prevalent desire of enjoying female virginity, in preference to charms that have been already surrendered, an original dictate of natural lust? or is it a symptom of refined experience, or impotent fastidiousness?

For my part, I am disposed to impute this to observable desire, to the two last causes; since any man may, I fancy, recollect the time when, upon the birth of his first and earliest wishes after woman, all he sighed for was the possession of one of the sex, abstractedly from the circumstance of her virginity. The object of his warm imagination was only fruition; and one handsome woman at that time would have been the same to him as another. Nay, I question whether a youth not initiated into the mysteries of Venus, would not prefer a woman who had been accustomed to dalliance, before one as shy and modest as himself. For in men (as well as women) there is at first a timidity towards familiarity with the other sex, which requires to be dissipated

by the lively airs of a courtezan, ere the stripling can enjoy or exert his vigour, and which would damp his efforts, if encountered by a female equally reserved and inexperienced.

The youth himself is conscious of that shame respecting certain actions, implanted by education and custom, he secretly wishes to receive confirmation and encouragement in what he is going about, and he is gradually warmed into delight by the boldness and familiarities of the practised fair, in the same manner as the innocent yet wishful virgin is artfully seduced into enjoyment by the contrivance of her fortunate admirer.

That this eagerness after virginity is not an original lust, I must, indeed, prove from opinion of a certain remote people, who esteem the taking of a maidenhead, as a laborious and illiberal practice, which they delegate to men hired for that purpose, ere themselves condescend to lie with their wives; who are returned with disgrace to their friends, if it is discovered that they have brought their virginity with them.

How fortunate would the men of pleasure esteem themselves, in countries where the opinion chances to differ, to act as the *precursors* even without fee or reward, of these squeamish and delicate gentlemen!

This lust, then, after the *untouched* morsel, I take not to be an original dictate of nature; but consequently to result from much experience with women, which has been demonstrated to lead to novelty of wishes, from fastidious impotence, which, indeed, is only a farther degree or effect of that experience, or from both united.

Yet, in truth, I esteem the fruition of a virgin to be, with respect both to the mind and body of the enjoyer, the highest aggravation of sensual delight.

In the first place his fancy is heated with the prospect of enjoying a woman, after whom he has perhaps long sighed and had been in pursuit, who he thinks has never before been in bed with man, (in whose arms never before man has laid) and in triumphing in the first sight of her virgin beauties, and first fruition of her virgin charms. This precious operation, then, of fancy, has

been shown in the highest degree to prepare the body for enjoyment.

Secondly, his body perceives, in that of a virgin, the cause of the greatest aggravation of delight. I mean not only in the coyness and resistance which she makes to his efforts, but when he is on the point of accomplishing them: when arrived, as the poet sings, 'on the brink of giddy rapture,' when in pity to a tender virgin's sufferings, he is intreated not to break fiercely in, but to spare 'fierce dilaceration and dire pangs.' The resistance which the small, and as yet unopened mouth of bliss makes to his eager endeavours, serves only, and that on a physical principle, to strengthen the instrument of his attack, and concurs with the instigation of his ardent fancy, to reinforce his efforts, to unite all the co-operative powers of enjoyment, and to produce an emission copious, rapid, and transporting.

Fancy has been repeatedly observed to heighten fruition. In this case, part of the delight arises from considering that the lewdest part of your body is fixed in the

delicious centre of *her* body, that you feel the convulsive wrigglings of the chaste nymph you have so long adored, and at last feel her diffuse her warm juice throughout her dewy sheath, and moisten the hot, ruby crest of your firm-fixed instrument.

Leo Tolstoy

The Relations of the Sexes

[1870]

ttacks of sexual lust engender confusion of thought. The absence of thought rather. The whole world darkens. Man loses his relation to it. Chance, blackness, failure!

■

You have suffered very much poor fellow, from this dreadful passion, especially when you have let it loose and given it headway. I know how it overshadows everything, destroys temporarily all by which the heart and reason live. But the one deliverance is to know that it is a dream, an

allurement, which will pass and you will return to true life, to the point at which it seized you. This you can know even during the moments of its power. God help you.

■

. . . You ask what aids there are for struggling with passion. Amongst the minor measures such as labour, fasting, the most effective is poverty, the absence of money, the external appearance of destitution; a position in which, it is evident, one cannot be attractive to any woman. But the chief and best means I know of is incessant struggle, the consciousness that the struggle is not an incidental temporary state, but a constant, unalterable condition of life.

■

It seems to me that being in love is that steam pressure which would burst the engine if the safety valve did not act. The valve opens only under strong pressure; at other times it is closely, tightly, closed; and our object should be to deliberately keep it closed as tightly as possible,

applying as many weights as we can, in the desire that it shall not open. It is in this sense I understand the words "He that is able to receive it, let him receive it" (Matt. xix. 12). That is to say, let everyone strive not to marry, but, having married, to live with one's wife as brother and sister. The steam *will* accumulate, the valves *will* lift, but we should not open them ourselves, as we do when we regard intercourse as a lawful pleasure. It is allowable only when we cannot withhold, and when it breaks through against our wish.

Dafydd ap Gwilym

The Penis

[1300s]

By God penis, you must be guarded
with eye and hand
because of this lawsuit, straight-headed pole,
more carefully for evermore;
net-quill of the cunt, because of
complaint a bridle must be put on your snout
to keep you in check so that you are not indicted
again, take heed you despair of minstrels.

I consider you the vilest of rolling-pins,
horn of the scrotum, do not rise up or wave about;

gift of the noble ladies of Christendom,
nut-pole of the lap's cavity,
snare shape, gander
sleeping in its yearling plumage,
neck with a wet head and milk-giving shaft,
tip of a growing shoot, stop your awkward jerking;
crooked blunt one, accursed pole,
the centre pillar of the two halves of a girl,
head of a stiff conger with a hole in it,
blunt barrier like a fresh hazel-pole.
You are longer than a big man's thigh,
a long night's roaming, chisel of a hundred nights;
auger like the shaft of the post,
leather-headed one who is called 'tail'.
You are a sceptre which causes lust,
the bolt of the lid of a girl's bare arse.

There is a pipe in your head,
a whistle for fucking every day.
There is an eye in your pate

which sees every woman as fair;
round pestle, expanding gun,
it is a searing fire to a small cunt;
roof-beam of girls' laps,
the swift growth is the clapper of a bell;
blunt pod, it dug a family,
snare of skin, nostril with a crop of two testicles.
You are a trouserful of wantonness,
your neck is leather, image of a goose's neckbone;
nature of complete falsity, pod of lewdness,
door-nail which causes a lawsuit and trouble.

Consider that there is a writ and an indictment,
lower your head, stick for planting children.
It is difficult to keep you under control,
cold thrust, woe to you indeed!
Often is your lord rebuked,
obvious is the rottenness through your head.

Wilhelm Bolsche

Mystery of the Ovum-cell and the Sperm-cell

[1919]

Whoso an eagle is,
Can swing aloft his pinions,
Outfly the seraphim,
Pierce heavenly dominions.

ANGELUS SILESIUS (1657)

An artificial light of extraordinary power will serve to illuminate an underworld for us in which, but for this light, deep darkness is brooding. As the objects suddenly emerge into brightness, they are to appear fabulously magnified.

Your gaze loses itself in a huge shaft. From the background you see a strange thing moving, a great glistening sphere, without light of its own, but made luminous by our artificial day. It is not moving freely, like a star balanced by gravity in open space. It seems to be shoved downward along the shaft. As you look more closely, you see gleaming up from the bottom something resembling ears of a gigantic wheat-field glistening in the dew. An elastic ball, our sphere glides slowly along this field, help up by the dew and moved by the soft waves of the sea of wheat.

Being perfectly transparent, the ball, as it thus moves along, affords a view into its internal parts. Its outermost layer, which is rather thick, seems as clear and colourless as the crystal of a watch. The only structure of this envelope that we seem to distinguish consists of narrow canals running straight through the cover of the ball, appearing to form an open connection between the free air around the ball and the inside of it.

The inside, the chief portion of the ball, which is sharply divided from the glass envelope by an interspace, shows a very faint opacity only at the centre. Minute particles, like very fine grains, seem to be swimming about in it, but they are very indistinct. The general impression you get is that the entire hollow space is filled with a more or less elastic, sluggish inland water. At one place, not in the middle, another body is observable floating in the sea of the large ball. The second body is quite distinct and, strangely enough, also has the shape and transparency of a glass ball, though its glass wall seems much more delicate, scarcely discernible. It may be compared to a dainty little diving-bell equilibrated by water pressure. This diaphanous little ball, like the larger one, reveals, through all the fluid enveloping it, certain details of its interior structure. An extremely fine network or scaffolding delicate as foam spreads through it.

Perhaps our light is still not bright enough. No matter how you strain your eyes, you cannot for the time being discover anything further, whether on or in our

mysterious ball. But your interest is growing, for presently you perceive changes going on within. Considering that the substances inside are soft, you are prepared for such changes. But what you see is remarkable in the extreme and indicates that highly mysterious powers are evidently at work in this fermenting structure of the Underworld.

First we are struck by the fact that the supposed network in the little diving-bell is in active motion. It seems to be separating, as we look at it, into loose strands. We think we can count twenty-four strands. But we have no time to pause very long.

All of a sudden a bright little point appears near the bell in the surrounding fluid. Perhaps it was there before, but until now it was not noticeable. It turns out to be, not so much a real body, as rather an eddy in the sea. Though you perceive no actual motion, you get the impression that an invisible little turbine has begun to work in the middle of the water. The effect of its action soon becomes apparent in the form of a little sun radiating rays of water

round about. But no sooner have you become aware of this, than you observe two turbines producing a double eddy. This quickly grows more evident.

The two turbine centres, each with its radiating sun, draw apart, and now they actually go through distinct motions. But again how strange! Their suns do not fully detach themselves. On the side where the rays of the whirling suns at first overlapped, a sort of connecting current remains, even when they have moved further apart, as if longer and longer streaks were thrown out in that direction, so that, as the distance between them increases, the pivots should not wholly loose touch with each other in their action. As the field enlarges, the whirling picture finally assumes the form of a spindle. In the middle are parallel wave columns extending from turbine head to turbine head; and from these heads, as the ends of the spindle, the two little suns emit rays on each side.

You have concentrated your attention exclusively upon this play of forces with its rapidly changing phases.

Of a sudden you observe that something else, without your having noticed it, has entered the whirl. The bright little diving-bell, which was swimming close by in the same sea, now suddenly grown so turbulent, is all at once drawn into the commotion. Can it be that the turbine rays have struck it directly and stirred it up? In speaking of turbines and eddies I am, of course, only using an image. It may be that in the miraculous scene here enacted powers are at work, radiating and overlapping each other, far finer than the crude comparison with turbines and eddies implies. But that something in this play of forces is now seizing and overpowering the diving-bell is certain.

Suddenly its glass wall breaks and shivers into invisible bits. Its entire contents, the original pieces of that delicate net which seemed to be woven of foam, empty into the open sea, which the turbines are restlessly ploughing. For a while the pieces curl wildly and wind about one another like a torn net quivering in the water. All at once, however, a new order sets in in this play of

loose shreds. Though the loose strands are not rewoven into the old net, they seem, under the guidance of a strange power, to be pushed and gathered together into systematic order by a very definite kind of current, each part remaining loose.

Absorbed by this new drama of the bursting and emptying of the diving-bell, we have for a while quite forgotten our free turbines. Now they force themselves upon our attention. We recognize that the turbines, which previously may have produced the bursting of the diving-bell by their wild gyrations, are the restorers of order among the defenceless, tiny parts of the net. In the midst of the general shipwreck the whirling spindle traversed the entire area formerly occupied by the diving-bell. While the pieces of net were wildly curling and serpentining, it assumed such a position that now the suns at its ends emit their rays precisely above and below the place where the wreck occurred, and the great connecting rays of the spindle pass directly across the place of the catastrophe where the pieces of net are quivering.

The moment they have the drifting remnants of the catastrophe, the net fragments, within their field, they begin to exercise their force upon them, which arranges them in systematic order. The fragments are driven into the middle of the connecting strand of the spindle and are there jammed up as if at a point of perfect equilibrium. For a moment it seems that the force waves of the spindle between sun and sun are about to form a new diving-bell, in which the old pieces of net will remain in a new rigid arrangement. The drama seems to have passed the climax. But no. The pieces thus jammed together, and, as it were, rescued, now begin a new unexpected performance.

We have paid no attention to their number. Now we are surprised to see that there are so many. We thought we counted only two dozen at first. Now we count carefully and find there are forty-eight. Each of the little strands must have quietly divided into two, each must have reeled off from itself a piece equal to half its length. On nearing the middle of the spindle, these

forty-eight arrange themselves prettily, like a regiment of soldiers, into two rows of twenty-four each, one behind the other. But we no sooner perceive this and count the number in a row, than the regiment begins to move of its own accord within the region of the spindle. The two rows separate and move away from each other, one advancing to the under sun, the other to the upper sun. The middle of the spindle becomes empty? What will happen now?

While we are still looking at these things with intense interest, a glance around discloses the fact that in the meantime a change has taken place in the entire structure in the sea. Spindle and suns together with the forty-eight pieces of net under their aegis have slowly floated away from their position in the sea toward the envelope of the ball, which still encompasses the whole. The magic ship with its crew of two regiments at the turbine ends seems to be wanting to land. A moment longer and one end touches the envelope. The upper turbine swimming in advance will soon have to spread its rays flat

against the surface. In fact, a sort of wave is seen arching at that point, and a small part of the current is already visibly crowded by the turbine against the surface.

You expect that in the next instant the glass cover will be broken through. But that does not happen. You again observe that this cover and the contents of the ball, which it envelops, are not in immediate contact but separated by a narrow interspace, into which the wart-like elevation can crowd without bursting the upper envelope.

Will the whole spindle-shaped body press after it and enter the space between? It seems a difficult thing to do and as a matter of fact is not done. The onward march has ceased. All at once the spindle snaps in the middle. Its one half, which, with the advance part at the edge, formed a sort of wave or wart on the main body of the ball, entirely severs its connection with it. The wart unreels itself loose, as it were, and is finally seen lying as a separate little ball in the narrow interspace between the transparent glass envelope and the main part of the ball. In the wart have entered a part of the substance of the

sea, one of the turbine pivots, and one of the rows of twenty-four, which in the meantime have crowded more and more closely against the forward turbine of the little ship, while making for land.

The other half of the spindle, with its turbine and with the other row of twenty-four assembled around it, has dived back into the ball. As if vehemently rebounding from the violence of the break, it keeps sinking, sinking, without halt until it has reached the middle. But even there it does not come to rest. A new phase of the puzzling drama begins.

The half of the spectral little ship left in the waters begins to rebuild itself into a whole. Its remaining pivot doubles. Two turbines are formed and then, as they move away from each other without becoming completely detached, a new spindle. Again this spindle arranges the remaining twenty-four pieces of net in its middle and with them begins a journey towards the surface of the sea. But this time one thing does not happen. The twenty-four fragments of net do not again

double into forty-eight. In order to form two parts, they arrange themselves in rows of twelve, one behind the other. Again the slow voyage begins; again the two members separate, as before, to withdraw to the two opposite turbine pivots. But now there are only twelve fragments, not twenty-four, at each end of the little ship. As for the rest precisely the same thing as before takes place at the surface of the large ball. The wart wave swells, the spindle snaps, its one head slips with its crew of twelve into the interspace under the glass envelope, the other head with its crew of twelve returns to the depths of the sea. Compared with the tiny little balls lying out there on the outskirts, the large ball is still a giant. This time the sinking half of the permanent submarine boat seems to remain at rest. It does not double its turbine, but is apparently bringing it to a complete standstill. In fact, it is forming a new diving-bell round its fragments of net, which immediately weave themselves into a reticulum. The whole seems to have returned to about the position

from which it originally started: There is only one exception. The net itself, without any addition from the outside, cannot furnish more than twelve pieces of the original size. Even if they double, they can yield only twenty-four, never again forty-eight. There must be a mystery in this. It must have a significance.

In the meantime quiet has been restored in the whole ball. Only the soft beating of the waves on the wet surface of the wheat-field upon which it lies still remains outwardly as active as before, driving it incessantly further down the colossal arch of the shaft.

To what world has our fancy carried us? Were we looking into the phantom turmoils of a primaeval world, one of those cosmic nebulae at the beginning of things dreamt of by astronomers? Or were we looking into the convulsions of a planet still not quite cooled, around which a white cloud envelope floats, like bubbling, steaming water, an envelope such as surrounds the colossus of our solar system, Jupiter, whose real globe seems to be the dusky red spot but occasionally seen

glowing as through a veil? Are those two little bodies to which we saw the ball give birth, without liberating them entirely, offshoots of a star in labour, like our moon, concerning which there is a suspicion that once upon a time it wrenched loose bodily, like a young shoot, from the great ball of the earth, without being able to escape entirely from the earth's force of attraction, in which it is held captive?

Nothing of the kind.

In our boldest flights of fancy we never left the earth. We remained on its inhabited surface, in the very thick of the welter of humanity. From this humanity we picked out one human female in good health and of mature years. We simply looked into the depths of certain organs of this female body while the body 'lived' in its normal condition and while these organs were developing a very remarkable activity. How we managed to do it is immaterial. Perhaps the next century will invent an apparatus for it, which, on the analogy of our Roentgen rays, will suffuse the whole human body with light without disturbing

its vital activities, will perhaps project upon a white wall a faithful picture of even the finest internal parts and at the same time vastly magnify those parts and their movements. In the meantime our imagination serves us. It magnified everything for us at will and threw light upon everything.

The mystery that was unfolded before us, without seeming to have been brought to a final solution, was the process that takes place in and on the human female egg, shortly or immediately preceding the act of impregnation by the male semen.

For the process of generation the female of the human species produces eggs just like a hen. The human eggs, however, are not deposited outside the body like those of a hen. The evolution of the new little human being takes place entirely inside the mother, in the 'womb.' But the human eggs originate in precisely the same way as those of the hen, in a special organ of the female body, the ovary. From childhood on every normally developed woman carries in her body two ovaries,

just as she carries two lungs, two kidneys, two brain halves. In these ovaries many thousands of eggs develop, each of which, when mature and fertilized, produces a new human being. For reproduction, fertilization is absolutely essential, and in order to be fertilized (for which a second being, a male, is required) the egg undergoes peculiar processes, the agitated course of which we have just followed with our imagination.

The vault into which we have been transported is, very highly magnified, one of the two so-called oviducts of the female. The oviducts, or Fallopian tubes, connect the ovaries with the larger passage of the uterus.

The ball that moved along in it is the egg itself.

The actual size of the egg is not quite one-fifth of a millimetre, hence to the naked eye a barely perceptible point.

The transparent envelope encloses the yolk, or vitellus, which in the human egg is as strikingly transparent as the envelope. Within the substance of the egg floats the so-called germinal vesicle or nucleus.

We must imagine that the egg has just made its escape from the ovary, where it was previously imbedded like a bud in a special sheath, the so-called Graafian follicle.

It is now on its way from the ovary to the uterus in the intermediate shaft of the oviduct.

The wet ears of wheat, which seem to project into this shaft and sweep our ball downward with their soft wave beat, are in reality the fine hair-like processes, or so-called ciliated cells, which line the walls of the female organs of generation and by their movements through the oviduct convey to the uterus the escaped egg rushing to impregnation.

In the meantime the egg itself undergoes the last maturing process necessary before the expected impregnation. We have seen what happens. The nucleus of the egg or the germinal vesicle temporarily leaves its place, changes, and by dividing twice helps to produce the two little bodies between the transparent envelope and the yolk. For the sake of precision I was careful to observe that in our panorama the relations of both size and time

were rather arbitrarily chosen. In all probability these processes do not follow each other so rapidly. The expulsion of the two little parts of the body in the egg begins when it is still attached to the ovary in its Graafian follicle, and its final act is synchronous with the beginning of the process of impregnation. Nevertheless, in this, as in all other instances, the time of development no doubt varies greatly in individual cases. We therefore assume a case with somewhat retarded development, but with a certain excess of speed to make up for the retardation and gain a slight start in advance. Such a case probably gives the most vivid idea of what actually takes place.

The extruded minute bodies are called 'polar globules,' a name now antiquated and therefore inappropriate. When they were first discovered their significance was not known. It was evident to the view that when the egg reached its highest degree of maturity, it rid itself of something. It threw out two minute secondary eggs, each of which received a little piece of yolk and a considerable part of nucleus from the general contents. These secondary

products as such had no connection whatever with the subsequent development of the child from the egg. Now, was the extrusion of these two little bodies really no more than a removal of waste? Or was it due, perhaps, to a superfluity of force developed in the egg during its short period of waiting before the great act, which made it gambol and sport and lay a few wind-eggs, later playing no rôle in fertilization? Or, finally, was it merely a result of some old tradition, something which once in former stages of evolution, God knows when, had a significance, but which now is utterly useless and merely drags on as an inheritance from the past, just as man still possesses certain ear-muscles which he does not use, though the animals do; or as blind cave animals still often possess the remnants or rudiments of eyes. All these were possibilities so long as we saw merely the first division, the formation of the first wart and the separation of but one-half of the spindle. This left the large egg essentially the same as before.

But we cannot pass over so lightly the separation of the second 'polar globule,' or secondary egg. Here the large

egg, that is, the egg that alone undergoes the subsequent development, really loses something of its original capital. At first it had in its germinal vesicle or nucleus a fine network. This net tore into twenty-four parts. The twenty-four increased by self-division to forty-eight, an act which, when taking place in normal time, is accomplished long before the extrusion of the first globule. 'When the egg laid the egg' the first time, twenty-four of those forty-eight pieces were lost. Accordingly, there again remained the original number of twenty-four. Now comes the second division. But this time the number is not doubled. Of the remaining twenty-four parts, twelve are lost. The result is that the germinal vesicle, the nucleus of the egg, has, at the conclusion of this last act, half of what it had in the beginning.

Of late biologists have been devoting very careful study to these pieces of net. They have arrived at the conclusion that of all the contents and capital of the egg they are probably, in fact, almost certainly, the greatest and most important treasure.

In observing the processes that take place in an egg under a microscope the scientist to-day frequently applies certain colouring matters by means of which important parts in the transparent mass are rendered more visible. Since these pieces of net stain readily and thus are especially conspicuous, they were given the name of chromatin filaments or chromosomes. The name has nothing to do with the point I wish to make. The fact of cardinal importance is, that in all probability the chromosomes are the only agents of hereditary transmission in the eggs.

All the 'hereditary characters' that the female egg inherited from its parents and ancestors, from all the human beings and animals from which it has come down in a direct line of physical descent, are contained in the chromosomes, the tiny net threads of its nucleus. The full significance of heredity is a question about which we shall have a good deal to say later. In the meantime your own experience will suffice. Every child has inherited much from its parents, grandparents, etc. Think of the

similarities of feature. This egg, too, is a sort of child. It is to become a child, just as the warm living egg of a hen becomes a chick. Somehow and somewhere the hereditary qualities must already be contained in the egg. And the probabilities are that they are contained in the chromosomes, and in the chromosomes only.

But if it is so, then the fact that the egg at first has twenty-four such chromosomes, twenty-four hereditary certificates, so to speak, and at the conclusion of that process has only twelve cannot be immaterial. In the first case, when the first polar globule was formed, our egg gave away, one may say, merely copies or duplicates of its hereditary portion. But upon the formation of the second globule, it gave away part of the capital itself; it reduced its capital by half. What does that mean? The nucleus of the egg, with its twelve remaining chromosomes, settled down to rest at the conclusion of our little drama. Will it be permanently satisfied with 'half its hereditary portion'? Is it really possible that it had half a fortune too much to be able to squander it so lightly? It seems very improbable.

Or is something to follow, something else to happen? Perhaps the egg expects a stranger to help it, a partner, who will reimburse it from his own capital?

Exactly. What we witnessed was only the first act.

Let us return from the dry province of explanations to the actualities of the things themselves.

The egg has in the meantime approached the narrow cleft of the oviduct leading into the uterus. Now comes a highly dramatic and absorbing second act, the act of impregnation.

Our great ball is floating quite in the foreground of the colossal shaft. At this moment strange guests of a peculiar shape are approaching it.

Compared with the ball they are dwarfs. But to make up for their size, they advance in imposing numbers, with extremely animated movements. At first glance it might be supposed that an army of ghosts of tadpoles was advancing. There is a thick head, to which a rather long tail is almost directly joined. If we look more

closely, we find that the supposed head is simply a longish disc, sharp in front. Seen from the side, it is somewhat pear-shaped. No inner organs, or any structure whatever, are at first distinguishable. With this disc, evidently the principal part of the little monster, is connected the apparent tail, somewhat thick at the base, but abruptly tapering down to a very thin delicate stalk, which runs along for some length and terminates in a still finer filament.

All of them are coming from the same direction, but they are a disorganized, irregular squad.

They advance with a hopping motion, the principal part forward, the little tail vibrating behind. Now they are near the great ball, and of a sudden they all seem to be making for the same goal as if some breath, some fragrance, wafted to them from the ball, draws them to it, as the voluptuous perfume of the honeysuckle on sultry summer evenings attracts the butterflies.

They throng around the ball. Now that they are in close proximity to it, we can clearly see how small they

are by contrast. The narrow canals in the taut glass roof of the ball, which we observed at the beginning, give the caudate arrivals room enough to penetrate to the inside. That is apparently what they are striving for. Immediately several simultaneously stretch out lengthwise in the canals, and creep like dachshunds into the pot. There seems to be a race as to who shall first reach the inner space between the envelope and the soft contents of the ball, the interspace in which the polar globules were deposited.

One of the robbers has got ahead. Suddenly, we see him working his little head out of the canal into the open interspace, and the contents of the ball are again set in commotion, strangely astir with life.

Some suddenly awakened sense seems to announce the nearness of the first bold intruder. Precisely opposite the point where it stretches its little head out of the canal, the substance in the ball as if to meet it, bulges out in a hill-like elevation into the free interspace. A moment afterwards, and the head of the strange being

seizes the hand that was extended to it, and sinks straight into the elevation of the soft substance. As if glad of it, the substance embraces it tight on all sides, never to let it go again.

In vain do the other, somewhat belated robbers crawling through the canals await a similar reception. The ball stretches no inner hand out to them. On the contrary, scarcely has the first fortunate guest plunged its entire head in, when instantly the whole substance covers itself over with a hard envelope, which thenceforth absolutely prevents every intrusion into its soft body. Those who remain outside of the new sheath must, after waiting hopelessly in the ante-chamber, finally perish miserably.

On the other hand, the bold victor, the first intruder, seems to be having an extremely good time of it inside. For a short while his little tail wiggles about the spot where his head has sunk, then it seems to separate from the rest of the body, as if superfluous. Now everything that follows is apparently the exclusive work of the

head within. And very intensive work it is that the head is doing inside.

We can distinctly see in the bright illuminated mass how the small but energetic guest, sinking deeper and deeper, digs up and churns the substance with its tiny body and granule glistening in various hues. But it does not stop with stirring things up at random. You recognize something that you observed before. The little stranger also carries on his submarine boat one of those mysterious turbines with which we have become familiar in the nucleus of the egg, his apparent tail, that is, the short, thick part connecting the head with the real, extremely delicate, tail having been transformed into a turbine. At first it sits behind the head like the screw of a ship; then the boat turns around on its axis and sends the turbine in advance.

The presence of such a turbine evidently signifies new life in the economy of the ball; for the old nucleus of the ovum seems to have ceased its turbine activities since its last attempt at landing. It lies quietly at anchor

in the middle of the sea, as if it never had possessed a turbine. But apparently the strange invader does possess one all the more effective. Behold! It is already surrounded by an entire sun, again a sun of waves driven in all directions of the wind.

James Joyce

Ulysses

[1922]

d love a big juicy pear now to melt in your mouth like when I used to be in the longing way then Ill throw him up his eggs and tea in the moustachecup she gave him to make his mouth bigger I suppose hed like my nice cream too I know what Ill do Ill go about rather gay not too much singing a big now and then mi fa pietà Masetto then Ill start dressing myself to out presto non son più fort Ill put on my best shift and drawers let him have a good eyeful out of that to make his micky stand for him Ill let him know if thats what he wanted that his wife is fucked yes and damn well fucked too up to my neck nearly not by him 5 or 6 times

handrunning theres the mark of his spunk on the clean sheet I wouldnt bother to even iron it out that ought to satisfy him if you dont believe me feel my belly unless I made him stand there and put him into me Ive a mind to tell him every scrap and make him do it in front of me serve him right its all his own fault if I am an adulteress as the thing in the gallery said O much about it if thats all the harm ever we did in this vale of tears God knows its not much doesnt everybody only they hide it I suppose thats what a woman is supposed to be there for of He wouldnt have made us the way He did so attractive to men then if he wants to kiss my bottom Ill drag open my drawers and bulge it right out in his face as large as life he can stick his tongue 7 miles up my hole as hes there my brown part then Ill tell him I want £1 or perhaps 30/-Ill tell him I want to buy underclothes if he gives me that well he wont be too bad I dont want to soak it all out of him like other women do I could often have written out a fine cheque for myself and write his name on it for a couple of pounds a few times he forgot to lock it up besides he wont spend it Ill let him

do it off on me behind provided he doesnt smear all my good drawers O I suppose that cant be helped Ill do the indifferent 1 or 2 questions Ill know by the answers when hes like that he cant keep a thing back I know every turn in him Ill tighten my bottom well and let out a few smutty words smellrump or lick my shit or the first mad thing comes into my head then Ill suggest about yes O wait now sonny my turn is coming Ill be quite gay and friendly over it O but I was forgetting this bloody pest of a thing pfooh you wouldnt know which to laugh or cry were such a mixture of plum and apple no Ill have to wear the old things so much the better itll be more pointed hell never know whether he did it nor not there thats good enough for you any old thing at all then Ill wipe him off me just like a business his omission then Ill go out Ill have him eying up at the ceiling where is she gone now make him want me thats the only way a quarter after what an unearthly hour I suppose theyre just getting up in China now combing out their pigtails for the day well soon have the nuns ringing the angelus theyve nobody coming in to spoil their sleep

except an odd priest or two for his night office the alarm-clock next door at cockshout clattering the brains out of itself let me see if I can doze off 1 2 3 4 5 what kind of flowers are those they invented like the stars the wallpaper in Lombard street was much nicer than the apron he gave me like that something only I only wore it twice better lower this lamp and try again so as I can get up early Ill go to Lambes there beside Findlaters and get them to send us some flowers to put about the place in case he brings him home tomorrow today I mean no no Fridays an unlucky day first I want to do the place up someway the dust grows in it I think while Im asleep then we can have music and cigarettes I can accompany him first I must clean the keys of the piano with milk whatll I wear shall I wear a white rose or those fairy cakes in Liptons I love the smell of a rich big shop at 7 1/2d a lb or the other ones with the cherries in them and the pinky sugar 11d a couple of lbs of course a nice plant for the middle of the table Id get that cheaper in wait wheres this I saw them not long ago I love flowers Id love to have the whole place swimming in roses God of

heaven theres nothing like nature the wild mountains then the sea and the waves rushing then the beautiful country with fields of oats and what and all kinds of things and all the fine cattle going about that would do your heart good to see rivers and lakes and flowers all sorts of shapes and smells and colours springing up even out of the ditches primroses and violets nature it is as for them saying theres no God I wouldnt give a snap of my two fingers for all their learning why dont they go and create something I often asked him atheists or whatever they call themselves go and wash the cobbles off themselves first then they go howling for the priest and they dying and why why because theyre afraid of hell on account of their bad conscience ah yes I know them well who was the first person in the universe before there was anybody that made it all who ah that they dont know neither do I so there you are they might as well try to stop the sun from rising tomorrow the sun shines for you he said the day we were lying among the rhododendrons on Howth head in the grey tweed suit and his straw hat the day I got him to propose to me yes first I gave him

the bit of seedcake out of my mouth and it was leapyear like now yes 16 years ago my God after that long kiss I near lost my breath yes he said I was a flower of the mountain yes so we are flowers all a womans body yes that was one true thing he said in his life and the sun shines for you today yes that was why I liked him because I saw he understood or felt what a woman is and I knew I could always get round him and I gave him all the pleasure I could leading him on till he asked me to say yes and I wouldnt answer first only looked out over the sea and sky I was thinking of so many things he didnt know of Mulvey and Mr Stanhope and Hester and father and old captain Groves and the sailors playing all birds fly and I say stoop and washing up dishes they called it on the pier and the sentry in front of the governors house with the thing round his white helmet poor devil half roasted and the Spanish girls laughing in their shawls and their tall combs and the auctions in the morning the Greeks and the jews and the Arabs and the devil knows who else from all ends of Europe and Duke street and the fowl market all clucking outside Larby

Sharons and the poor donkeys slipping half asleep and the vague fellows in the cloaks asleep in the shade on the steps and the big wheels of the carts of the bulls and the old castle thousands of years old yes and those handsome Moors all in white and turbans like kings asking you to sit down in their little bit of a shop and Ronda with the old windows of the posadas glancing eyes a lattice hid for her lover to kiss the iron and the wineshops half open at night and the castanets and the night we missed the boat at Algeciras the watchman going about serene with his lamp and O that awful deepdown torrent O and the sea the sea crimson sometimes like fire and the glorious sunsets and the figtrees in the Alameda gardens yes and all the queer little streets and pink and blue and yellow houses and the rosegardens and the jessamine and geraniums and cactuses and Gibraltar as a girl where I was a Flower of the mountain yes when I put the rose in my hair like the Andalusian girls used or shall I wear a red yes and how he kissed me under the Moorish wall and I thought well as well him as another and then I asked him with my eyes to ask again yes

and then he asked me would I yes to say yes my mountain flower and first I put my arms around him and drew him down to me so he could feel my breasts all perfume yes and his heart was going like mad and yes I said I will Yes.

Lucretius

The Proper Position for Women

[60 B.C.]

he sexual position is also important. For wives who imitate the manner of wild beasts and quadrupeds—that is, breast down, haunches up—are generally thought to conceive better, since the semen can more easily reach the proper place.

And it is absolutely NOT necessary for wives to move at all. For a woman prevents and battles pregnancy if in her joy, she answers the man's lovemaking with her buttocks, and her soft breasts billow forward and back; for she diverts the ploughshare out of the furrow and makes the seed miss its mark. Whores practice such movements

for their own reasons, to avoid conception and pregnancy, and also to make the lovemaking more enjoyable for men, which obviously isn't necessary for our wives.

W. L. Howard

Aphrodisiacs

[1896]

It must be remembered that the early history of this subject is more or less inextricably commingled with folk-lore practices of magical origin, not necessarily founded on actual observation of the physiological effects of consuming the semen or testes. Thus, according to W. H. Pearse (*Scalpel*, December, 189–), it is the custom in Cornwall for country maids to eat the testicles of the young male lambs when they are castrated in the spring, the survival, probably, of a very ancient religious cult. (I have not myself been able to hear of this custom in Cornwall.) In Burchard's Penitential (Cap. CLIV,

Wasserschleben, *op. cit.*, p. 660) seven years' penance is assigned to the woman who swallows her husband's semen to make him love her more. In the seventeenth century (as shown in William Salmon's *London Dispensatory*, 1678) semen was still considered to be good against witchcraft and also valuable as a love-philter, in which latter capacity its use still survives. (Bourke, *Scatalogic Rites*, pp. 343, 355.) In an earlier age (Picart, quoted by Crawley, *The Mystic Rose*, p. 109) the Manichæans, it is said, sprinkled their eucharistic bread with human semen, a custom followed by the Albigenses.

The belief, perhaps founded in experience, that semen possesses medical and stimulant virtues was doubtless fortified by the ancient opinion that the spinal cord is the source of this fluid. This was not only held by the highest medical authorities in Greece, but also in India and Persia.

The semen is thus a natural stimulant, a physiological aphrodisiac, the type of a class of drugs which have been known and cultivated in all parts of the world from time immemorial. (Dufour has discussed the aphrodisiacs

used in ancient Rome, *Histoire de la Prostitution*, vol. II, ch. 21.) It would be vain to attempt to enumerate all the foods and medicaments to which has been ascribed an influence in heightening the sexual impulse. (Thus, in the sixteenth century, aphrodisiacal virtues were attributed to an immense variety of foods by Liébault in his *Thresor des Remèdes Secrets pour les Maladies des Femmes*, 1585, pp. 104, *et seq.*) A large number of them certainly have no such effect at all, but have obtained this credit either on some magical ground or from a mistaken association. Thus the potato, when first introduced from America, had the reputation of being a powerful aphrodisiac, and the Elizabethan dramatists contain many references to this supposed virtue. As we know, potatoes, even when taken in the largest doses, have not the slightest aphrodisiac effect, and the Irish peasantry, whose diet consists very largely of potatoes, are even regarded as possessing an unusually small measure of sexual feeling. It is probable that the mistake arose from the fact that potatoes were originally a luxury, and luxuries frequently tend to be

regarded as aphrodisiacs, since they are consumed under circumstances which tend to arouse the sexual desires. It is possible also that, as has been plausibly suggested, the misunderstanding may have been due to sailors—the first to be familiar with the potato—who attributed to this particular element of their diet ashore the generally stimulating qualities of their life in port. The eryngo (*Eryngium maritimum*), or sea holly, which also had an erotic reputation in Elizabethan times, may well have acquired it in the same way. Many other vegetables have a similar reputation, which they still retain. Thus onions are regarded as aphrodisiacal, and were so regarded by the Greeks, as we learn from Aristophanes. It is notewhorthy that Marro, a reliable observer, has found that in Italy, both in prisons and asylums, lascivious people are fond of onions (*La Pubertà*, p. 297), and it may perhaps be worth while to recall the observation of Sérieux that in a woman in whom the sexual instinct only awoke in middle age there was a horror of leeks. In some countries, and especially in Belgium, celery is popularly looked upon as a sexual

stimulant. Various condiments, again, have the same reputation, perhaps because they are hot and because sexual desire is regarded, rightly enough, as a kind of heat. Fish—skate, for instance, and notably oysters and other shellfish—are very widely regarded as aphrodisiacs, and Kisch attributes this property to caviar. It is probable that all these and other foods which have obtained this reputation, in so far as they have any action whatever on the sexual appetite, only possess it by virtue of their generally nutritious and stimulating qualities, and not by the presence of any special principle having a selective action on the sexual sphere. A beefsteak is probably as powerful a sexual stimulant as any food; a nutritious food, however, which is at the same time easily digestible, and thus requiring less expenditure of energy for its absorption, may well exert a specially rapid and conspicuous stimulant effect. But it is not possible to draw a line, and, as Aquinas long since said, if we wish to maintain ourselves in a state of purity we shall fear even an immoderate use of bread and water.

Anonymous

Melanesian Erotic Chant

[DATE UNKNOWN]

eautiful will my face remain,
Flashing will my face remain,
Buoyant will my face remain!
No more it is my face,
My face is as the full moon.
No more it is my face,
My face is as the round moon.
I pierce through,
As the creamy shoot of the areca leaf,
I come out,
As a bud of the white lily.

D. H. Lawrence

Once—!

[1912]

The morning was very beautiful. White packets of mist hung over the river, as if a great train had gone by leaving its stem idle, in a trail down the valley. The mountains were just faint grey-blue, with the slightest glitter of snow high up in the sunshine. They seemed to be standing a long way off, watching me, and wondering. As I bathed in the shaft of sunshine that came through the wide-opened window, letting the water slip swiftly down my sides, my mind went wandering through the hazy morning, very sweet and far-off and still, so that I had hardly wit enough to dry myself. And as soon as I

had got on my dressing gown, I lay down again idly on the bed, looking out at the morning that still was greenish from the dawn, and thinking of Anita.

I had loved her when I was a boy. She was an aristocrat's daughter, but she was not rich. I was simply middle-class. Then, I was much too green and humble-minded to think of making love to her. No sooner had she come home from school than she married an officer. He was rather handsome, something in the Kaiser's fashion, but stupid as an ass. And Anita was only eighteen. When at last she accepted me as a lover, she told me about it.

"The night I was married," she said, "I lay counting the flowers on the wall-paper, how many on a string; he bored me so."

He was of good family, and of great repute in the army, being a worker. He had the tenacity of a bull-dog, and rode like a centaur. These things look well from a distance, but to live with they weary one beyond endurance, so Anita says.

She had her first child just before she was twenty: two years afterwards, another. Then no more. Her husband was something of a brute. He neglected her, though not outrageously, treated her as if she were a fine animal. To complete matters, he more than ruined himself owing to debts, gambling and otherwise, then utterly disgraced himself by using government money and being caught.

"You have found a hair in your soup," I wrote to Anita.

"Not a hair, a whole plait," she replied.

After that, she began to have lovers. She was a splendid young creature, and was not going to sit down in her rather elegant flat in Berlin, to run to seed. Her husband was officer in a crack regiment. Anita was superb to look at. He was proud to introduce her to his friends. Then moreover she had her relatives in Berlin, aristocratic but also rich, and moving in the first society. So she began to take lovers.

Anita shows her breeding: erect, rather haughty, with a good-humoured kind of scorn. She is tall and strong, her brown eyes are full of scorn, and she has a downy,

warm-coloured skin, brownish to match her black hair.

At last she came to love me a little. Her soul is unspoiled. I think she has almost the soul of a virgin. I think, perhaps, it frets her that she has never really loved. She has never had the real respect—Ehrfurcht—for a man. And she has been here with me in the Tyrol these last ten days. I love her, and I am not satisfied with myself. Perhaps I too shall fall short.

"You have never *loved* your men?" I asked her.

"I loved them—but I have put them all in my pocket," she said, with just the faintest disappointment in her good-humour. She shrugged her shoulders at my serious gaze.

I lay wondering if I too were going into Anita's pocket, along with her purse and her perfume and the little sweets she loved. It would almost have been delicious to do so. A kind of voluptuousness urged me to let her have me, to let her put me in her pocket. It would be so nice. But I loved her: it would not be fair to her: I wanted to do more than give her pleasure.

Suddenly the door opened on my musing, and Anita came into my bedroom. Startled, I laughed in my very soul, and I adored her, she was so natural. She was dressed in a transparent lacy chemise, that was slipping over her shoulder, high boots, upon one of which her string-coloured stocking had fallen, and she wore an enormous hat, black, lined with white, and covered with a tremendous creamy-brown feather, that streamed like a flood of brownish foam, swaying lightly. It was an immense hat on top of her shamelessness, and the great, soft feather seemed to spill over, fall with a sudden gush, as she put back her head.

She looked at me, then went straight to the mirror.

"How do you like my hat?" she said.

She stood before the panel of looking glass, conscious only of her hat, whose great feather-strands swung in a tide. Her bare shoulder glistened, and through the fine web of her chemise, I could see all her body in warm silhouette, with golden reflections under the breasts and arms. The light ran in silver up her lifted arms, and the gold shadow stirred as she arranged her hat.

"How do you like my hat?" she repeated.

Then, as I did not answer, she turned to look at me. I was still lying on the bed. She must have seen that I had looked at her, instead of at her hat, for a quick darkness and a frown came into her eyes, cleared instantly, as she asked, in a slightly hard tone:

"Don't you like it?"

"It's rather splendid," I answered. "Where did it come from?"

"From Berlin this morning—or last evening," she replied.

"It's a bit huge," I ventured.

She drew herself up.

"Indeed not!" she said, turning to the mirror.

I got up, dropped off my dressing gown, put a silk hat quite correctly on my head, and then, naked save for a hat and a pair of gloves, I went forward to her.

"How do you like my hat?" I asked her.

She looked at me and went off into a fit of laughter. She dropped her hat onto a chair, and sank onto the bed,

shaking with laughter. Every now and then she lifted her head, gave one look from her dark eyes, then buried her face in the pillows. I stood before her clad in my hat, feeling a good bit of a fool. She peeped up again.

"You are lovely, you are lovely!" she cried.

With a grave and dignified movement I prepared to remove the hat, saying:

"And even then, I lack high-laced boots and one stocking."

But she flew at me, kept the hat on my head, and kissed me.

"Don't take it off," she implored. "I love you for it."

So I sat down gravely and unembarrassed on the bed.

"But don't you like my hat?" I said in injured tones. "I bought it in London last month."

She looked up at me comically, and went into peals of laughter.

"Think," she cried, "if all those Englishmen in Piccadilly went like that!"

That amused even me.

At last I assured her her hat was adorable, and, much to my relief, I got rid of my silk and into a dressing gown.

"You *will* cover yourself up," she said reproachfully. "And you look so nice with nothing on—but a hat."

"It's that old Apple I can't digest," I said.

She was quite happy in her shift and her high boots. I lay looking at her beautiful legs.

"How many more men have you done that to?" I asked.

"What?" she answered.

"Gone into their bedrooms clad in a wisp of mist, trying a new hat on?"

She leaned over to me and kissed me.

"Not many," she said. "I've not been *quite* so familiar before, I don't think."

"I suppose you've forgotten," said I. "However, it doesn't matter." Perhaps the slight bitterness in my voice touched her. She said almost indignantly:

"Do you think I want to flatter you and make you believe you are the first that ever I really—*really*—"

"I don't," I replied. "Neither you nor I is so easily deluded."

She looked at me peculiarly and steadily.

"I know all the time," said I, "that I am 'pro tem.', and that I shan't even last as long as most."

"You are sorry for yourself?" she mocked.

I shrugged my shoulders, looking into her eyes. She caused me a good deal of agony, but I didn't give in to her.

"I shan't commit suicide," I replied.

"'On est mort pour si longtemps'," she said, suddenly dancing on the bed. I loved her. She had the courage to live, almost joyously.

"When you think back over your affairs—they are numerous, though you are only thirty-one—"

"Not numerous—only several—and you *do* underline the thirty-one—," she laughed.

"But how do you feel, when you think of them?" I asked.

She knitted her eyebrows quaintly, and there was a shadow, more puzzled than anything, on her face.

"There is something nice in all of them," she said. "Men are really fearfully good," she sighed.

"If only they weren't all pocket-editions," I mocked.

She laughed, then began drawing the silk cord through the lace of her chemise, pensively. The round cap of her shoulder gleamed like old ivory: there was a faint brown stain towards the arm-pit.

"No," she said, suddenly lifting her head and looking me calmly into the eyes, "I have nothing to be ashamed of—that is, —no, I have nothing to be ashamed of!"

"I believe you," I said. "And I don't suppose you've done anything that even *I* shouldn't be able to swallow—have you—?"

I felt rather plaintive with my question. She looked at me and shrugged her shoulders.

"I know you haven't," I preached. "All your affairs have been rather decent. They've meant more to the men than they have to you."

The shadows of her breasts, fine globes, shone warm through the linen veil. She was thinking.

"Shall I tell you," she asked, "one thing I did?"

"If you like," I answered. "But let me get you a wrap." I kissed her shoulder. It had the same fine, delicious coldness of ivory.

"No—yes you may," she replied.

I brought her a Chinese thing of black silk with gorgeous embroidered dragons, green as flame, writhing upon it.

"How white against that black silk you are," I said, kissing the half globe of her breast, through the linen.

"Lie there," she commanded me. She sat in the middle of the bed, whilst I lay looking at her. She picked up the black silk tassel of my dressing gown, and began flattening it out like a daisy.

"Gretchen!" I said.

"'Marguerite with one petal,'" she answered in French, laughing. "I am ashamed of it, so you must be nice with me —"

"Have a cigarette!" I said.

She puffed wistfully for a few moments.

"You've got to hear it," she said.

"Go on!"

"I was staying in Dresden in quite a grand hôtel; —which I rather enjoy: ringing bells, dressing three times a day, feeling half a great lady, half a cocotte. Don't be cross with me for saying it: look at me! The man was at a garrison a little way off. I'd have married him if I could—"

She shrugged her brown, handsome shoulders, and puffed out a plume of smoke.

"It began to bore me after three days. I was always alone, looking at shops alone, going to the opera alone—where the beastly men got behind their wives' backs to look at me. In the end I got cross with my poor man, though of course it wasn't his fault, that he couldn't come."

She gave a little laugh as she took a draw at her cigarette.

"The fourth morning I came downstairs—I was feeling fearfully good-looking and proud of myself. I know I had a sort of café au lait coat and skirt, very pale—and its fit was a *joy!*"

After a pause, she continued: "—And a big black hat with a cloud of white ospreys. I nearly jumped when a man almost ran into me. O jeh!, it was a young officer, just bursting with life, a splendid creature: the German aristocrat at his best. He wasn't over tall, in his dark blue uniform, but simply firm with life. An electric shock went through me, it slipped down me like fire, when I looked into his eyes. O jeh!, they just flamed with consciousness of me—And they were just the same colour as the soft-blue revers of his uniform. He looked at me—ha!—and then, he bowed, the sort of bow a woman enjoys, like a caress.

"'Verzeihung, gnädiges Fräulein!'

"I just inclined my head, and we went our ways. It felt as if something mechanical shifted us, not our wills.

"I was restless that day, I could stay nowhere. Something stirred inside my veins. I was drinking tea on the Brühler Terrasse, watching the people go by like a sort of mechanical procession, and the broad Elbe as a stiller background, when he stood before me, saluting, and taking a seat, half apologetically, half devil-may-care. I was not nearly

so much surprised at him, as at the mechanical parading people. And I could see he thought me a Cocotte—"

She looked thoughtfully across the room, the past roused dangerously in her dark eyes.

"But the game amused and excited me. He told me he had to go to a Court ball tonight and then he said, in his nonchalant yet pleadingly passionate way:

"'And afterwards—?'

"'And afterwards—!' I repeated.

"'May I—?' he asked.

"Then I told him the number of my room.

"I dawdled to the hôtel, and dressed for dinner, and talked to somebody sitting next to me, but I was an hour or two ahead, when he would come. I arranged my silver and brushes and things, and I had ordered a great bunch of lilies of the valley; they were in a black bowl. There were delicate pink silk curtains, and the carpet was a cold colour, nearly white, with a tawny pink and turquoise ravelled border, a Persian thing, I should imagine. I know I liked it. —And didn't that room feel fresh, full of expectation, like myself!

"That last half hour of waiting—so funny—I seemed to have no feeling, no consciousness. I lay in the dark, holding my nice pale blue gown of crêpe de chine against my body for comfort. There was a fumble at the door, and I caught my breath. Quickly he came in, locked the door, and switched on all the lights. There he stood, the centre of everything, the light shining on his bright brown hair. He was holding something under his cloak. Now he came to me, and threw on me from out of his cloak a whole armful of red and pink roses. It was delicious! Some of them were cold, when they fell on me. He took off his cloak: I loved his figure in its blue uniform, and then, oh jeh!, he picked me off the bed, the roses and all, and kissed me—*how* he kissed me!"

She paused at the recollection.

"I could feel his mouth through my thin gown. Then, he went still and intense. He pulled off my saut-de-lit, and looked at me. He held me away from him, his mouth parted with wonder, and yet, as if the Gods would envy him—wonder and adoration and pride! I liked his worship. Then he laid me on the bed again, and covered me

up gently, and put my roses on the other side of me, a heap just near my hair, on the pillow.

"Quite unashamed and not the least conscious of himself, he got out of his clothes. And he *was* adorable—so young, and rather spare, but with a *rich* body, that simply glowed with love of me. He stood looking at me, quite humbly; and I held out my hands to him.

"All that night we loved each other. There were crushed, crumpled little rose-leaves on him when he sat up, almost like crimson blood! Oh and he was fierce, and at the same time, tender—!"

Anita's lips trembled slightly, and she paused. Then, very slowly, she went on:

"When I woke in the morning he was gone, and just a few passionate words on his dancing-card with a gold crown, on the little table beside me, imploring me to see him again in the Brühler Terrasse in the afternoon. But I took the morning express to Berlin—"

We both were still. The river rustled far off in the morning.

"And—?" I said.

"And I never saw him again—"

We were both still. She put her arms round her bright knee, and caressed it, lovingly, rather plaintively, with her mouth. The brilliant green dragons on her wrap seemed to be snarling at me.

"And you regret him?" I said at length.

"No," she answered, scarcely heeding me. —"I remember the way he unfastened his sword-belt and trappings from his loins, flung the whole with a jingle on the other bed—"

I was burning now with rage against Anita. Why should she love a man for the way he unbuckled his belt!

"With him," she mused, "everything felt so inevitable."

"Even your never seeing him again," I retorted.

"Yes!" she said, quietly.

Still musing, dreaming, she continued to caress her own knees.

"He said to me, 'We are like the two halves of a walnut.'"

And she laughed slightly.

"He said some lovely things to me. —'Tonight, you're an Answer.' And then 'Whichever bit of you I touch, seems to startle me afresh with joy.' And he said, he should never forget the velvety feel of my skin. —Lots of beautiful things he told me."

Anita cast them over pathetically in her mind. I sat biting my finger with rage.

"—And I made him have roses in his hair. He sat so still and good while I trimmed him up, and was quite shy. He had a figure nearly like yours—."

Which compliment was a last insult to me.

"—And he had a long gold chain, threaded with little emeralds, that he wound round and round my knees, binding me like a prisoner, never thinking."

"And you wish he had kept you prisoner," I said.

"No," she answered. "He couldn't!"

"I see! You just preserve him as the standard by which you measure the amount of satisfaction you get from the rest of us."

"Yes," she said, quietly.

Then I knew she was liking to make me furious.

"But I thought you were rather ashamed of the adventure?" I said.

"No," she answered, perversely.

She made me tired. One could never be on firm ground with her. Always, one was slipping and plunging on uncertainty. I lay still, watching the sunshine streaming white outside.

"What are you thinking?" she asked.

"The waiter will smile when we go down for coffee."

"No—tell me!"

"It is half past nine."

She fingered the string of her shift.

"What are you thinking?" she asked, very low.

"I was thinking, all you want, you get."

"In what way?"

"In love."

"And what do I want?"

"Sensation."

"Do I?"

"Yes."

She sat with her head drooped down.

"Have a cigarette," I said. "And are you going to that place for sleighing today?"

"Why do you say I only want sensation?" she asked quietly.

"Because it's all you'll take from a man. —You *won't* have a cigarette?"

"No thanks—and what else could I take—?"

I shrugged my shoulders.

"Nothing, I suppose—" I replied.

Still she picked pensively at her chemise string.

"Up to now, you've missed nothing—you haven't felt the lack of anything—in love," I said.

She waited awhile.

"Oh yes I have," she said gravely.

Hearing her say it, my heart stood still.

Burchard of Worms

Medieval Sexual Menu

[1012]

QUESTIONS FOR MEN

Nuns

Have you committed fornication with a nun, that is to say, a bride of Christ? If you have done this, you shall do penance for forty days on bread and water, which they call a "carina," and [*repeat it*] for the next seven years; and so long as you live, you shall observe all six holy days on bread and water.

"Retro, Canino"

Have you had sex with your wife or with another woman from behind, doggy style? [*Latin: "retro canino"*] If you have done this, you shall do penance for ten days on bread and water.

Sunday

Have you had sex with your wife on a Sunday? You shall do penance for four days on bread and water.

Sister-in-law

If in your wife's absence, without your or your wife's knowledge, your wife's sister entered your bed and you thought that she was your wife and you had sex with her, if you have done this, then if you complete the penance, you can keep your lawful wife, but the adulterous sister must suffer the appropriate punishment and be deprived of a husband for all time.

Stepdaughter

Have you fornicated with your stepdaughter? If you have done this, you shall have neither mother nor daughter, nor shall you take a wife, nor shall she take a husband, but you shall do penance until death. But your wife, if she only learnt afterwards that you committed adultery with her daughter, shall not sleep with you but marry again in the Lord if she wishes.

Son's Fiancée

Have you fornicated with your son's fiancée, and afterwards, your son took her to wife? If you have done this, because you concealed the crime from your son, you shall do penance until death and remain without hope of marriage. but your son, because he was ignorant of your sin, if he wishes, may take another wife.

Mother

Have you fornicated with your mother? If you have done this, you shall do penance for fifteen years on the legitimate

holy days, and one of these [*years*] on bread and water, and you shall remain without hope of marriage, and you shall never be without penitence. But your mother, if she was not consenting, shall do penance according to the decision of the priest; and if she cannot live chastely may marry in the Lord.

Sodomy

Have you fornicated as the Sodomites did, such that you inserted your penis into the rear of a man and into his posterior, and thus had intercourse with him in the Sodomite manner? If you had a wife and did this only once or twice, you should do penance for ten years on the legitimate holy days, and for one of these on bread and water. If you did this as a manner of habit, then you should do penance for twelve years on the legitimate holy days. If you committed this sin with your brother, you should do penance for fifteen years on the legitimate holy days.

Interfemoral

Have you fornicated with a man, as some are accustomed to do, between the thighs, that is to say, you inserted your member between the thighs of another and by thus moving it about ejaculated semen? If you did this, you shall do penance for forty days on bread and water.

Homosexual Mutual Masturbation

Have you fornicated, as some are accustomed to do, such that you took another's penis in your hand, while he took yours in his and thus in turn you moved each other's penises in your hands with the result that by this enjoyment you ejaculated semen? If you have done this, you shall do penance for thirty days on bread and water.

Masturbation

Have you fornicated with yourself alone, as some are accustomed to do, that is to say, you yourself took your penis in your hands and thus held your foreskin and moved it with your own hand so that by this enjoyment you ejaculated

semen? If you have done this, you shall do penance for twenty days on bread and water.

Masturbation with Sex Aid

Have you fornicated, as some are accustomed to do, such that you inserted your penis into a hollowed-out piece of wood or some such device, so that by this movement and enjoyment you ejaculated semen? If you have done this, you shall do penance for twenty days on bread and water.

Kiss

Have you kissed some woman due to foul desire and thus polluted yourself? If you have done this, you shall do penance for three days on bread and water. But if this happened in a church, you shall do penance for twenty days on bread and water.

Bestiality

Have you fornicated against Nature, that is, you have had intercourse with animals, that is, with a horse or a cow or

a donkey or with some other animal? If you did this only once or twice, and if you had no wife, so that you could to relieve your lust, you must do penance for forty days on bread and water, which is called a "carina," as well as [*repeating it*] for the seven following years, and never be without penitence. If, however, you had a wife, you must do penance for ten years on legitimate holy days; and if you were in the habit of this crime, you must do penance for fifteen years on the legitimate holy days. If, however, this occurred during your childhood, you must do penance on bread and water for one hundred days.

QUESTIONS FOR WOMEN

Lesbians with Sex Aids

Have you done what certain women are accustomed to do, that is, to make some sort of device or implement in the shape of the male member, of a size to match your desire, and you have fastened it to the area of your genitals or

those of another with some form of fastenings and you have fornicated with other women or others have done with a similar instrument or another sort with you? If you have done this, you shall do penance for five years on legitimate holy days.

Female Masturbation with Sex Aid

Have you done what certain women are accustomed to do, that is, you have fornicated with yourself with the aforementioned device or some other device? If you have done this, you shall do penance for one year on legitimate holy days.

Mother with Son

Have you done what certain women are accustomed to do, that is, have you fornicated with your young son, that is to say, placed your son above your "indecency" and thus imitated fornication? If you have done this, you must do penance for two years on legitimate holy days.

Bestiality

Have you done what certain women are accustomed to do, that is, you have lain with an animal and incited that animal to coitus by whatever ability you possess so that it will thus have intercourse with you? If you have done this, you shall do penance for one "carina," along with [*each of*] the seven following years, and you shall never be without penitence.

APHRODISIACS AND SUPERSTITIOUS PRACTICES

Semen Swallowing

Have you tasted your husband's semen in the hope that because of your diabolical deed he might burn the more with love for you? If you have done this, you should do penance for seven years on the legitimate holy days.

Live Fish and Childbirth

Have you done what certain women are accustomed to do? They take a live fish and place it in their afterbirth and hold it there until it dies, and then after boiling and roasting it, they give it to their husbands to eat in the hope that they will burn all the more with love for them. If you have done this, you shall do penance for two years on the legitimate holy days.

Bread and Buttocks

Have you done what certain women are accustomed to do? They prostrate themselves face-down and uncover their buttocks, then they order that bread be prepared on their naked buttocks; when it's baked, they give it to their husbands to eat so they will burn more for love of them. If you have done this, you shall do penance for two years on legitimate holy days.

Menstrual Blood

Have you done what certain women are accustomed to do? They take their menstrual blood and mix it into food or drink and give it to their husbands to eat or drink so that they might be more attentive to them. If you have done this, you shall do penance for five years on legitimate holy days.

Selective Impotence Spell

Have you done what some adulterous women are accustomed to do? When they first find out that their lovers want to take legitimate wives, they then by some trick of magic extinguish the man's lust, so that they are impotent and cannot consummate their marriage with their legitimate wives. If you have done this or taught others to do this, you should do penance for forty days on bread and water.

Aphrodisiac Loaf

Have you done what certain women are accustomed to do? They take off their clothes and smear honey all over their

naked body and then lay down their honey-drenched body onto some wheat scattered upon a linen on the ground; they then roll around a lot this way and that, and then carefully collect all the grains of wheat which stick to their wet body, and place them in a mill and make the mill go backwards against the sun and grind it to flour; and they make bread from the flour and then give it to their husbands to eat that they may become feeble and waste away. If you have done this, you shall do penance for forty days on bread and water.

Tahltan Tale

The Penis

[1840s]

An old man had a remarkable penis with teeth on the end that chewed like mice. It could reach long distances, crossing water like a snake and going underground like a mole. If it met roots or any other obstruction, it simply gnawed them to bits and went onward. The man could extend it or distend it at will, and most of the time he kept it looking normal. He would attack women when they were asleep, but he did not impregnate them, for the penis simply fed from them, gnawing on their insides. Women who were thus attacked felt sick in the morning, but usually recovered. One girl felt

something gnawing on her breeches one night. In the morning she found her breeches looking as if mice had been after them. The next night she put on thicker clothes and waited. Pretty soon the man's penis came and began to gnaw on them. She grabbed hold of it and called for a knife. The man tried to pull back, but she held tightly. Finally, the men of the village came with sharp knives and cut off the toothed penis. Because the old man was sick the next day, they found him out. He said he couldn't eat as he had lost his teeth. He admitted that women's insides were his food and he didn't care if he died or not. The village let him die, and so men look the way they do now. Had they given him back the parts they cut off and let him live, men would have teeth today where the old man had teeth.

Milan Kundera

The Book of Laughter and Forgetting

[1980]

Ten years earlier Jan had received irregular visits from a married woman. They had known each other for years, but hardly ever saw each other because the woman had a job, and even when she took time off to be with him, they had to be quick about it. First they would sit and talk a while, but only a very short while. Soon Jan would get up, walk over to her, give her a kiss, and take her in his arms.

When he released her, they would separate and begin to undress quickly. He threw his jacket on the chair. She took off her sweater and put it over the back of the chair.

She bent down and began sliding off her pantyhose. He undid his trousers and let them drop. They were in a hurry. They stood opposite each other, leaning forward, he lifting first one, then the other leg out of his trousers (he would raise them high in the air like a soldier on parade), she bending to gather up the pantyhose at her ankles and pull her feet out of them, raising her legs as high in the air as he did.

Each time it was the same. And then one day something happened. He would never forget it: she looked up at him and smiled. It was a smile that was almost tender, a smile full of sympathy and understanding, a bashful smile that seemed to apologize for itself, but nonetheless a smile clearly brought on by a sudden insight into the absurdity of the situation as a whole. It was all he could do not to return it. For if the absurdity of the situation emerged from the semi-obscurity of habit—the absurdity of two people standing face to face, kicking their legs in the air in a mad rush—it was bound to have an effect on him as well. In fact, he was only a hair's breadth away from

bursting out laughing. But he knew that if he did, they would not be able to make love. Laughter was like an enormous trap waiting patiently in the room with them, but hidden behind a thin wall. There was only a fraction of an inch separating intercourse from laughter, and he was terrified of overstepping it; there was only a fraction of an inch separating him from the border, and across the border things no longer had any meaning.

He controlled himself. He held back the smile. He threw off his trousers, went right up to her, and touched her body, hoping to drive away the demon of laughter.

Anonymous

Black Hair

[DATE UNKNOWN]

Last night my kisses drowned in the softness of black hair,
And my kisses like bees went plundering the softness
of black hair.
Last night my hands were thrust in the mystery of black hair,
And my kisses like bees went plundering the sweetness of
pomegranates
And among the scents of the harvest above my queen's neck,
the harvest of black hair;
And my teeth played with the golden skin of her two ears.
Last night my kisses drowned in the softness of black hair,

And my kisses like bees went plundering the softness
of black hair.

Your kisses went plundering the scents of my harvest,
O friend,
And the scents laid you drunk at my side. As sleep
overcame Bahram
In the bed of Sarasya, so sleep overcame you on my bed.
I know one that has sworn your hurt for stealing the
roses from my cheeks,
Has sworn your hurt even to death, the Guardian of
black hair.
Last night my kisses drowned in the softness of
black hair,
And my kisses like bees went plundering the softness of
black hair.
My hurt, darling? The sky will guard me if you wish
me guarded.
But now for my defence, dearest, roll me a cudgel of
black hair;

And give me the whiteness of your face, I am hungry
for it like a little bird.

Still, if you wish me there, loosen me among the
wantonness of black hair.
Last night my kisses drowned in the softness of
black hair,
and my kisses like bees went plundering the softness of
black hair.

Sweet friend, I will part the curtain of black hair and let
you into the white garden of my breast.
But I fear you will despise me and not look back when
you go away.
I am so beautiful and so white that the lamp-light faints
to see my face,
And also God has given me for adornment my heavy
black hair,
Last night my kisses drowned in the softness of
black hair,

And my kisses like bees went plundering the softness of black hair.

He has made you beautiful even among his most beautiful;
I am your little slave. O queen, cast me a little look.
I sent you the message of love at the dawn of day,
But my heart is stung by a snake, the snake of black hair.
Last night my kisses drowned in the softness of black hair,
And my kisses like bees went plundering the softness of black hair.

Fear not, dear friend, I am the Charmer,
My breath will charm the snake upon your heart;
But who will charm the snake on my honour, my sad honour?
If you love me, let us go from Pakli. My husband is horrible.
From this forth I give you command over black hair.
Last night my kisses drowned in the softness of black hair,
And my kisses like bees went plundering the softness of black hair.

Muhammadji has power over the poets of Pakli,
He takes tax from the Amirs of great Delhi.
He reigns over an empire and governs with a sceptre of
black hair,
Last night my kisses drowned in the softness of black hair,
And my kisses like bees went plundering the softness of
black hair.

Little is known of the **Anonymous** author of "Black Hair." The mysterious poem originates in Afghanistan; the date is unknown.

The **Anonymous** *Melanesian Erotic Chant* and *Sulumwoya Spell* were first recorded in Bronislaw Malinowski's *The Sexual Life of Savages* (1919).

The Greek poet **Automedon**'s satirical verse was highly popular during the Roman period (90-50 B C)

Wilhelm Bolsche's the "Mystery of the Ovum-cell and the Sperm-cell" is from his 1919 thesis *Love-Life in Nature*.

In 1012, the German Bishop **Burchard of Worms** compiled a hulking, 22 volume tome covering sin in its entirety. Volume 19 concerns itself with sexual transgressions.

Welsh Poet **Dafydd ap Gwilym** was one of the founders of the modern Welsh language. His classic "The Penis" was penned in the mid-1300s.

W. Dugdale privately published *The Battles of Venus: a Descriptive Dissertation of the Various Modes of Enjoyment of the Female Sex*. The manuscript was originally (and incorrectly) attributed to Voltaire.

French novelist **Gustave Flaubert** is known for a string of masterpieces, including *Madame Bovary, Salaambo* and *L'Education Sentimentale*. As a 28-year old, he traveled to Egypt, where he marvelled at the local entertainment.

Swashbuckling American novelist **Ernest Hemingway** is equally heralded for his novels *(The Sun also Rises, To Have and Have Not, The Old Man and the Sea)* and his manly, globetrotting adventures. In the included 1952 letter, he lives up to form.

The Greek Physician and Father of Medicine **Hippocrates** was always happy to theorize. In a paper delivered around 400 B.C., he explained orgasms.

W. L. Howard's vivid treatise on aphrodisiacs first appeared as "Sexual Perversion" in the ever-popular *Alienist and Neurologist* magazine, January, 1896.

Writer and director **Neil Jordan** is best known for his films *Mona Lisa* and *The Crying Game*. "Seduction" is from 1990.

Irish novelist and poet **James Joyce**'s experimental novels *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, *Ulysses*, and *Finnegan's Wake* employed experimental techniques, such as free-wheeling stream of consciousness, evident in this excerpt from *Ulysses* (1922).

Sam Keen is the author of several books for the modern, sensitive male. His 1983 classic, *The Passionate Life*, boasts an intriguing appendix, "The Tantric Vision."

Czech novelist **Milan Kundera** regularly explores sexual antics in *The Joke*, *The Unbearable Lightness of Being*, and the 1980 masterpiece *The Book of Laughter and Forgetting*, from which this excerpt is taken.

English novelist **D. H. Lawrence** believed sex was the answer to many of man's ills. This is evidenced in his classics *Lady Chatterley's Lover, Women in Love, Sons and Lovers* and the early short story "Once—" (1912).

In 60 B.C., the Roman philosopher **Lucretius** took it upon himself to detail the proper position of women during intercourse.

The Roman Poet **Ovid** (43 B.C.-A.D. 17)is best known for his torrid writings *The Art of Love* and *Amores*. His poem "In Summer's Heat" was translated by Christopher Marlowe.

Shaykh Umar ibn Muhammed al-Nefzawi's *The Perfumed Garden*, or *Concerning Everything that is Favorable to the Act of Coition*, was written in the 16th century, and published privately by its translator, Sir Richard Burton, in 1886.

The alarming Native American **Tahltan Tale** "The Penis" dates to the 1840s.

In 1870, Russian Novelist **Leo Tolstoy** *(War and Peace, Anna Karenina)* penned *The Relations of the Sexes*, a frank and controversial collection of his thoughts on love and marriage.

The famous erotic manual, *Kama Sutra* (literally love-science) was written by Indian sage **Vatsyayana** in the 1st century. This 1883 translation is from Sir Richard Burton.

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